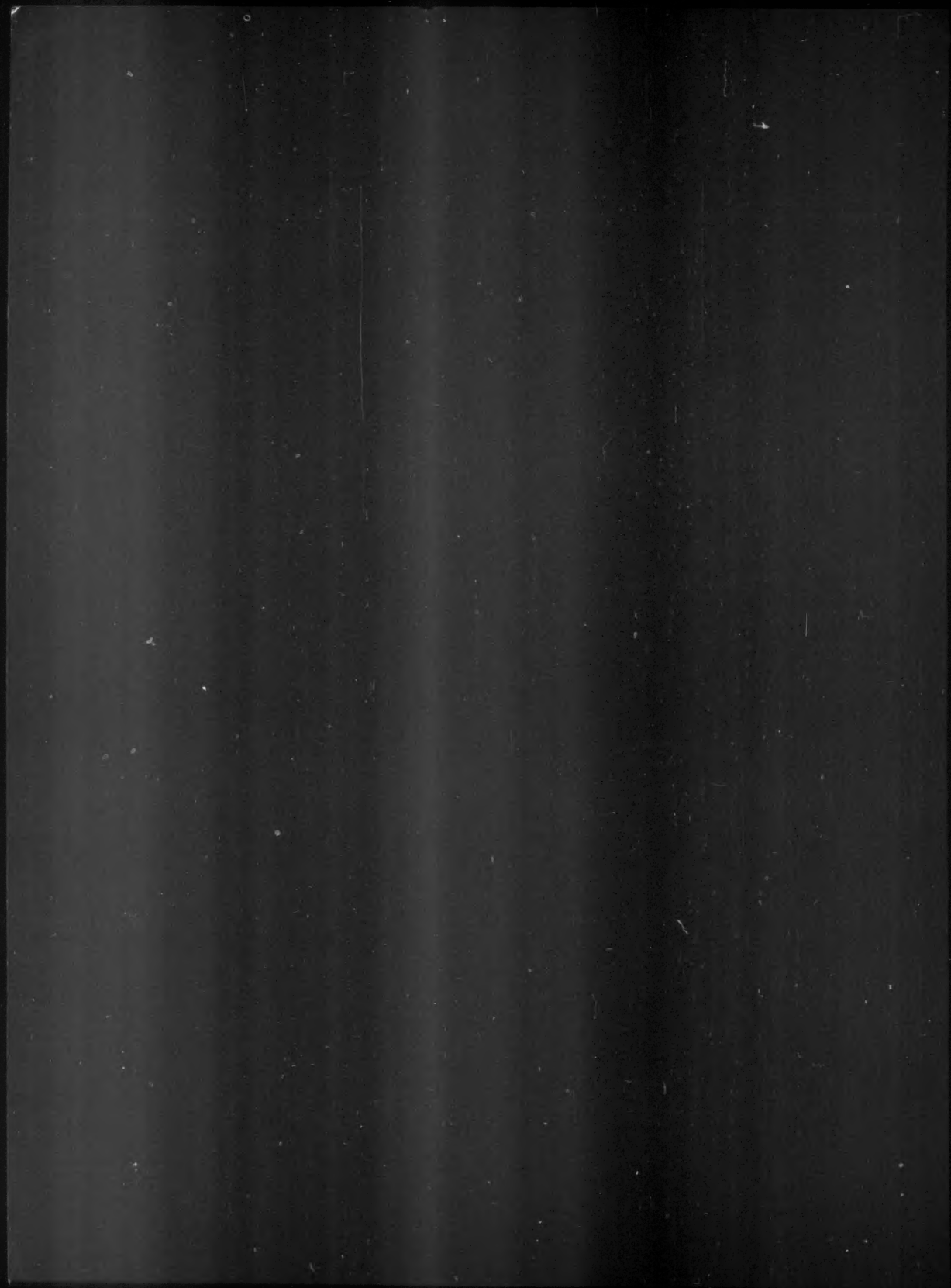


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Cover: Satyajit Ray. Photograph® by Nemai Ghosh.

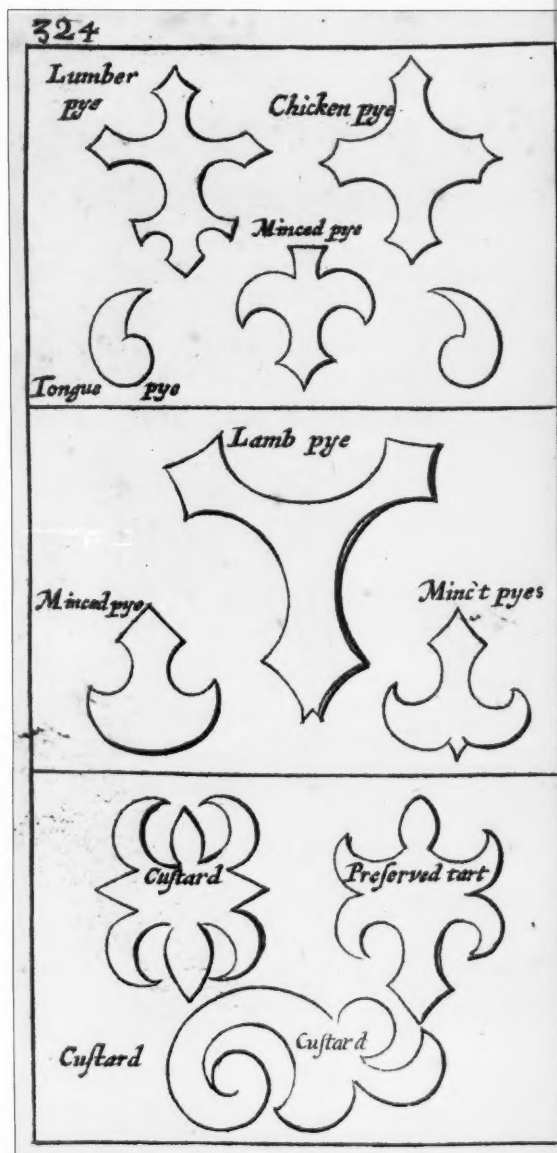
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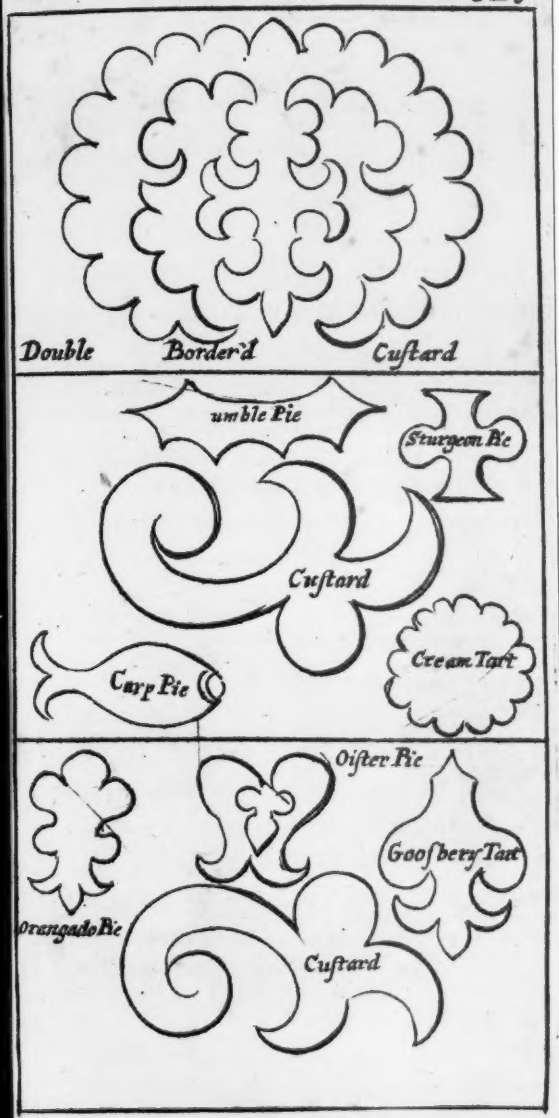
Poetry by William Meredith graces this issue of the *Quarterly Journal*, Erik Barnouw provides new insights into the multifaceted creativity of Satyajit Ray, and John Sherwood discusses the generosity displayed by one of the Library's great benefactors, Alfred Whitall Stern. The combination of these ingredients—poetry, creativity, generosity—in turn characterizes the subject of our fourth contribution, the art and noble science, as Robert Burton called it in *Anatomy of Melancholy*, of cookery.

In the Winter 1980 *Quarterly Journal* Leonard Beck introduced the reader to the "loafgivers"—Katherine Golden Bitting and Elizabeth Robbins Pennell—through whose generosity the Library now holds a unique collection relating to the culinary arts. In the present issue Mr. Beck continues his gastronomic survey, devoting the second article in a planned three-part series to British cookery, from humble pie to publisher's pudding.

We recommend the publisher's pudding, of course, for which the 1845 Philadelphia edition of Eliza Acton's *Modern Cookery* provides the following recipe:

This pudding can scarcely be made too rich. First blanch, and then beat to the smoothest possible paste, six ounces of fresh sweet almonds, and a dozen bitter ones; pour very gradually to them, in the mortar, three quarters of a pint of boiling cream; then turn them into a cloth, and wring it from them again with strong expression. Heat a full half pint of it afresh, and pour it, as soon as it boils, upon four ounces of fine bread-crumbs, set a plate over, and leave them to become nearly cold; then mix thoroughly with them four ounces of macaroons, crushed tolerably small; five of finely-minced beef-suet, five of marrow, cleared very carefully from fibre, and from the splinters of bone which are sometimes found in it, and shred, not very small, two ounces of flour, six of pounded sugar, four of dried cherries, four of the best Muscatel raisins, weighed after they are stoned, half a pound of candied citron, or of citron and orange-rind mixed, a quarter saltspoonful of salt,





half a nutmeg, the yolks only of seven full-sized eggs, the grated rind of a large lemon, and last of all, a glass of the best Cognac brandy, which must be stirred briskly in by slow degrees. Pour the mixture into a *thickly* buttered mould or basin, which contains a full quart, fill it to the brim, lay a sheet of buttered writing-paper over, then a well-floured cloth, tie them securely, and boil the pudding for four hours and a quarter; let it stand for a couple of minutes before it is turned out; dish it carefully, and serve it with . . . a delicious German pudding sauce:

Dissolve in half a pint of sherry or of Madeira, from three to four ounces of fine sugar, but do not allow the wine to boil; stir it hot to the well-beaten yolks of six fresh eggs, and mill the sauce over a gentle fire until it is well thickened and highly frothed; pour it over a plum, or any other kind of sweet boiled pudding, of which it much improves the appearance.

Humble pie, on the other hand, the reader must undertake only at his own risk. The 1675 London edition of *The Accomplisht-Ladys Delight In Preserving, Physick, Beautifying and Cookery* instructs us as follows:

To make an Umbble-Pye

Lay Beef-suet minc'd in the bottom of the Pye, or slices of Inter-larded Bacon, and cut the Umbles as big as small Dice, cut your Bacon in the same Form, and season it with Nutmeg, Pepper, and Salt, fill your Pyes with it, with slices of Bacon and Butter, close it up, and bake it; Liquor it with Claret, Butter, and stripped Thyme, and so serve it.

The humbles or umbles (also referred to as numbles, nombles, or simply entrails) will appear more appetizing if baked in a mold of the proper shape:



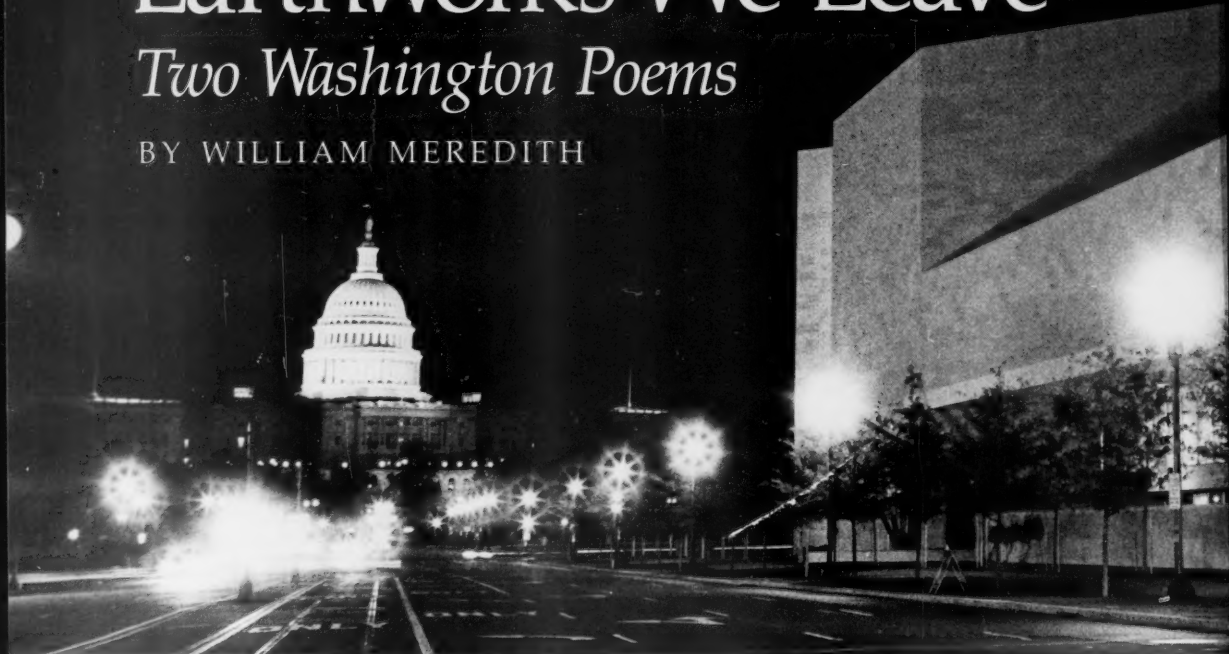
In the meantime, we hope this issue of the *Quarterly Journal* will itself offer food for thought.

FM

Earthworks We Leave

Two Washington Poems

BY WILLIAM MEREDITH



ON JENKINS' HILL

(the old name for Capitol Hill)

The weather came over this low knoll, west to
east,
before there was a word for leaf-fall, before
there were any leaves. Weathers will nuzzle and
preen
whatever earthwork we leave here. And we
know now,
don't we, that we will be leaving, by fire or ice,
our own or His, or at the very worst, nobody's.
May that be a long time off. Now,
it is our hill for debating.

The dome at the top of the hill, heavy with
reference,
is iron out of the soil, yearned up as if it were
white stone,
the way for a time our thought and rhetoric
yearned upward.
Here our surrogates sit. It is almost too much for
them,
some days, to make the world go around.

They are urged to clean it, to sully it more
grandly,
to let it alone. We have elected them, they are
our elect.

If we only knew what to ask, there are trees,
white oaks,
not far from here that have seen the whole
thing.
Year after year they have put on new growth,
dropped leaves.
I can tell you this much: it is a badly informed
citizen
who stands on this hill and scoffs.

From *The Cheer*, published by Alfred A. Knopf.
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HOMAGE TO PAUL MELLON, I.M. PEI, THEIR GALLERY, AND WASHINGTON CITY

Granite and marble,
women and men,
took a long while to make,

America and the Bill of Rights,
a lot of trouble,
and it's not done yet. Praise be.
It is so interesting,
and lucky, like crustacean deposit.

We've troubled the stones to stand up here
in attitudes of serenity,
our guesses at un-trouble,
what that must be like.
(These are short whiles,
to a stone's way of thinking.)

Meanwhile, Munch and Noguchi
and a long deposit of the sweetest troublers
required this reckless glacier,

these knives of stone, these pink prows,
and among them, safe hogans of white space.

And where would any of us be
if the limestone creatures had held back,
the roiling magma demurred? or the genes?
We've given assent to ourselves
in this city for a while,
laying down stone like our own sweet lives.

WILLIAM MEREDITH, a poet and professor of English at Connecticut College (1965-), was consultant in poetry at the Library of Congress from 1978 to 1980. His most recent book of poetry is *The Cheer* (1980), published by Knopf. Others include *Hazard, the Painter* (1975), *Earth Walk: New and Selected Poems* (1970), *The Wreck of the Thresher and Other Poems* (1964), *The Open Sea and Other Poems* (1958), and *Love Letter from an Impossible Land* (1944). He has also translated poems of Guillaume Apollinaire in the volume *Alcools* (1964).

Lives of a Bengal Filmmaker

Satyajit Ray of Calcutta

BY ERIK BARNOUW

There was reason for astonishment when Satyajit Ray of Calcutta a quarter century ago won international awards with his first film, *Pather Panchali* (Song of the Road): he had never made a film, had no experience in any branch of filmmaking, and the group working with him was almost equally innocent of experience. His cameraman had never shot a film; most of the actors had never acted. The ingredients had seemed so unpromising to distributors and other potential backers that more than twenty had rejected his proposals. Yet he finished the film and it won wide renown and distribution.

He continued to provide surprises. In the following twenty-five years, often drawing on the original tyro group, he has directed twenty-five features, almost all of which have earned back their investment in his native Bengal while many also won foreign markets and honors. While he directed these films, he also wrote the screenplays, sometimes basing them on his own stories; designed scenery, costumes, and posters; in most cases, composed and scored the music; served as his own director of photography; and drew animation sequences for some. To few major film artists has the term *filmmaker* been more applicable. In addition to the feature films, he has made several documentaries.

In the midst of all this filmmaking he has pursued other activities, of which his film following has been largely unaware, involving another side of his career. Since the early 1960s he has published a children's magazine for which

he writes a steady stream of stories ranging from science fiction to comic detective stories—"everything I loved as a child"—which he illustrates with rollicking pictures in diverse styles. His short stories have been published in collections which have been translated from Bengali into several other Indian languages. Some of the stories have become films. The magazine was founded by his grandfather, Upendrakishore Ray, a similarly protean figure who played the violin, wrote books, painted, pioneered in halftone block printing in India, and printed his magazine on his own press. Satyajit's father, Sukumar Ray, carried on this work, likewise drawing and writing for the magazine. His nonsense rhymes are considered children's classics; collections of them are still sold. In addition, Sukumar won recognition as "a master of the photographic art." His death when Satyajit was not yet three thrust the family into a financial crisis that led to the demise of the magazine; but after early film successes Satyajit Ray revived it and has continued to maintain it. Thus, as graphic artist, musician, writer, director, entrepreneur, Ray is a kind of Renaissance man sprung from a Renaissance family.

A question raised by this astonishing record, which has placed Ray among a select few film artists of global rank, is why it should have been achieved in a region of economic disaster, and in the midst of a film industry that has careened, spectacularly and successfully, in a quite differ-

Satyajit Ray. Copyright © photo by Nemai Ghosh.

Copyright © Erik Barnouw 1981.





ent direction. Ray has been a notable anomaly in the Indian film world.

For some years the Indian film industry has been the world's most prolific, outranking any other country in the production of feature films. In recent years its annual output has exceeded six hundred theatrical features, more than that of Hollywood at its peak. Indians began making films at the dawn of film history, within months after a Lumière emissary demonstrated the invention in Bombay in July 1896. India had its *Train Arriving at Bombay Station* and *Poona Races '98*. The making of features began in 1912, paralleling their beginning in the United States. By the early 1920s India was outproducing Britain.

Most screen time was going to foreign films, especially from Hollywood, but Indian films were already gaining a strong hold over growing audiences. The first features were "mythologicals," about the heroes, gods, demons, and other creatures of the ancient Indian epics the *Ramayana* and the *Mahabharata*—streams of narrative that flow into all the arts of South Asia, including drama, dance, song, sculpture, and painting. This factor helped Indian films

Satyajit Ray's illustrations for *Sandesh* (Sweetmeat), the children's magazine founded by his grandfather, Upendrakishore Ray.

reach Asian audiences far outside India, although Westerners were generally baffled by them. Other genres were added in the 1920s—"historicals" full of spectacular action, "stunt films" emulating the successes of Douglas Fairbanks, and "social films," a term that seemed to apply to almost anything in a contemporary setting.

At first glance it seemed that the advent of sound film at the end of the decade would doom the rising Indian film activity. Until that time an Indian film, with changeable subtitles to serve diverse language groups, could move throughout India and beyond. But now a film apparently had to have a specific built-in language. India's huge jigsaw puzzle of tongues—many entirely unrelated to others, precipitates of endless invasions over millenia of recorded and unrecorded time—seemed to raise impossible barriers against sound film. With the fragmentation of the market and the escalation of costs, concur-



মহাভারত



কি বুদ্ধি ভাই তোমার !

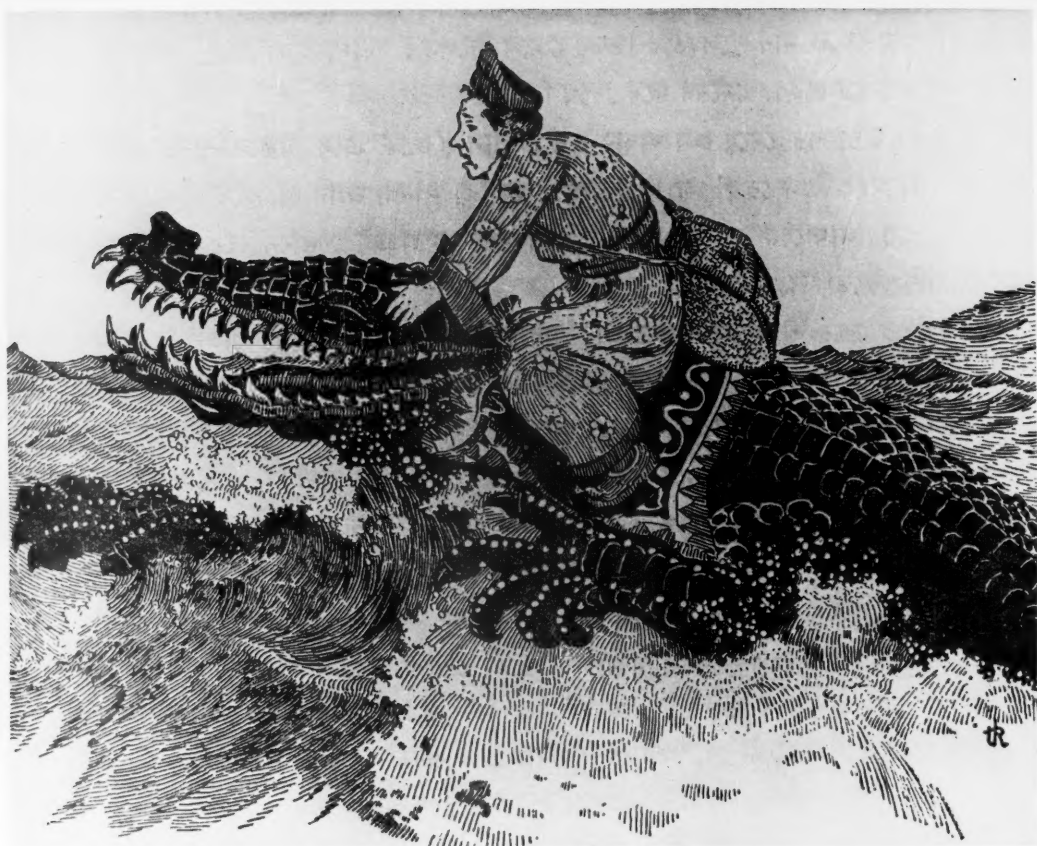


Illustration for *Sandesh* by Upendrakishore Ray, Satyajit's grandfather.

rent with the world Depression, many Indian film companies collapsed and dissolved. But the language barrier also applied to foreign films. For those film companies that survived, the very first Indian sound films proved so astonishingly successful that they propelled the Indian film world into a boom atmosphere that has never quite subsided.

The first Indian sound film, *Alam Ara* (Beauty of the World), released in 1931, included twelve songs; another film of the year had forty songs; another, sixty songs. All early sound films were saturated with music, and almost all had dances. Indian filmmakers thus opted for an "all-singing, all-dancing" rather than an "all-talking"

genre. The formula removed emphasis from the spoken word and shifted it elsewhere. This was in keeping with Indian tradition—ancient Sanskrit drama had likewise featured song and dance. In fact, Sanskrit vocabulary is said to provide no way of distinguishing dance from drama. The folk theater of strolling players that had persisted through the centuries in many parts of India was likewise a song-and-dance drama. Infant Indian sound film seized on this tradition and tapped a mighty river of music, rich in associations. So successful was the formula that twenty-three years of sound-film production went by—a period that saw the release of hundreds of feature films—before an Indian producer dared to make one without songs or dances. In 1954 the filmmaker K. A. Abbas produced such a film, *Munna* (The Lost Child). It won Western admirers and was

honored at the Edinburgh Festival but failed in India, so that this reckless act of rebellion served only to buttress the reign of the formula. For the moment, formula remained king.

Song-and-dance films had their most spectacular successes in the Hindi tongue—the language having the widest reach and which the Indian founding fathers had designated as the future national language, to be given this official status after a period of preparation. The designation aroused furious campaigns of opposition, especially in the South, dominated by Dravidian languages unrelated to Hindi, which stems from Sanskrit. Yet the Hindi song-and-dance film even managed to penetrate areas where opposition was strong—suggesting to some observers that if the battle for a national tongue were ever won, it would not be through government pressure and edict but through the Hindi film-song mania. The popular obsession with film songs has continued unabated, while its music has evolved from Indian roots into an extraordinarily eclectic genre drawing on rhythms of American jazz, Latin-American music, and African music and using every conceivable instrument—from ancient Indian strings and percussion to the Victorian harmonium and the electric guitar.

The song-and-dance formula inevitably has had disastrous effects on dramatic values. It has fostered a dramaturgy in which plots are absurd and characterization simplistic and rigidly stereotyped. Its heroes, heroines, and villains live in a vacuum. The producers, by aiming for a national audience and bypassing regional concerns, have created an artificial world hardly touched by the daily troubles of most filmgoers. Its heroes and heroines seldom have visible occupations. Their dalliances may take place in splendid surroundings as remote from current life as the world of mythology. Critics complain of the “dreamworld” environment, but it holds its sway. Into an industry dominated by this tradition came Satyajit Ray.

He had his own obsessions. He wanted his characters not only to have human complexity but to be in a certain moment in a certain place in a particular web of social relationships. The “social identity” of his characters has been his constant concern. Since the social context he was most familiar with was his native Bengal, almost all his films have been made in and about Bengal. Nuances of speech, manners, gestures,



Illustration for *Sandesh* by Sukumar Ray, Satyajit's father.

clothing, decor, are all essential elements of the social fabrics that fascinate him. Feeling most at home in his Bengali language, he has resisted most offers—including generous ones from Hollywood—to work in other languages, even though Bengali is understood by only some 10 percent of the people of India. His filmmaking has thus evolved into a continuous and deepening exploration of the life of one region—Bengal—yesterday and today. By the accepted wisdom of the Indian film industry, this relentless localism would doom any possibility of a wide following. Paradoxically, it is the key to Ray's international successes. It is our sense of the authentic localism that has made his work seem so “universal.” Far and wide, audiences sense that the pieces fit, providing flashes of human recognition and kinship with a society that might otherwise only seem strange.

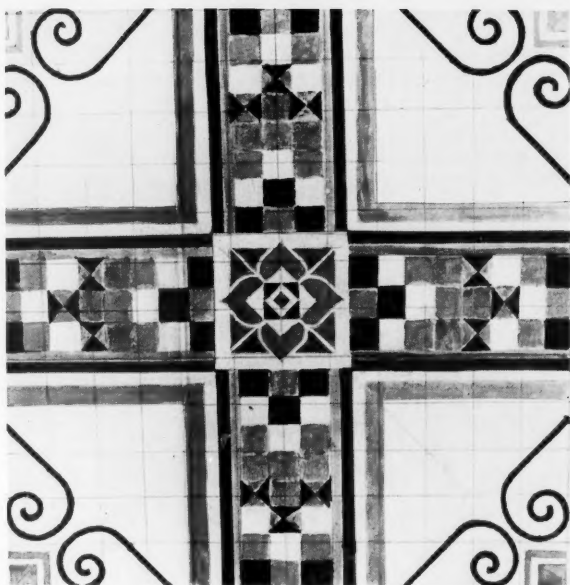
Ray's *Pather Panchali*, *Aparajito* (The Unvanquished), and *Apur Sansar* (The World of Apu) formed a trilogy that traced a family saga from the village to the city, from a remote past to yesterday, from a structured rural life to a chaotic metropolis with all its uncertainties for the future. There were probably many reasons why this epic-sized story, based on a much-admired novel that Ray had already illustrated, should have been especially meaningful to him. It held parallels to the experience of generations of the Ray family, which had its roots in rural Bengal, had known numerous reversals of fortune, and eventually had become a Calcutta

Satyajit Ray's *Shatranj Ke Khilari*
(The Chess Players), 1977

OPPOSITE:

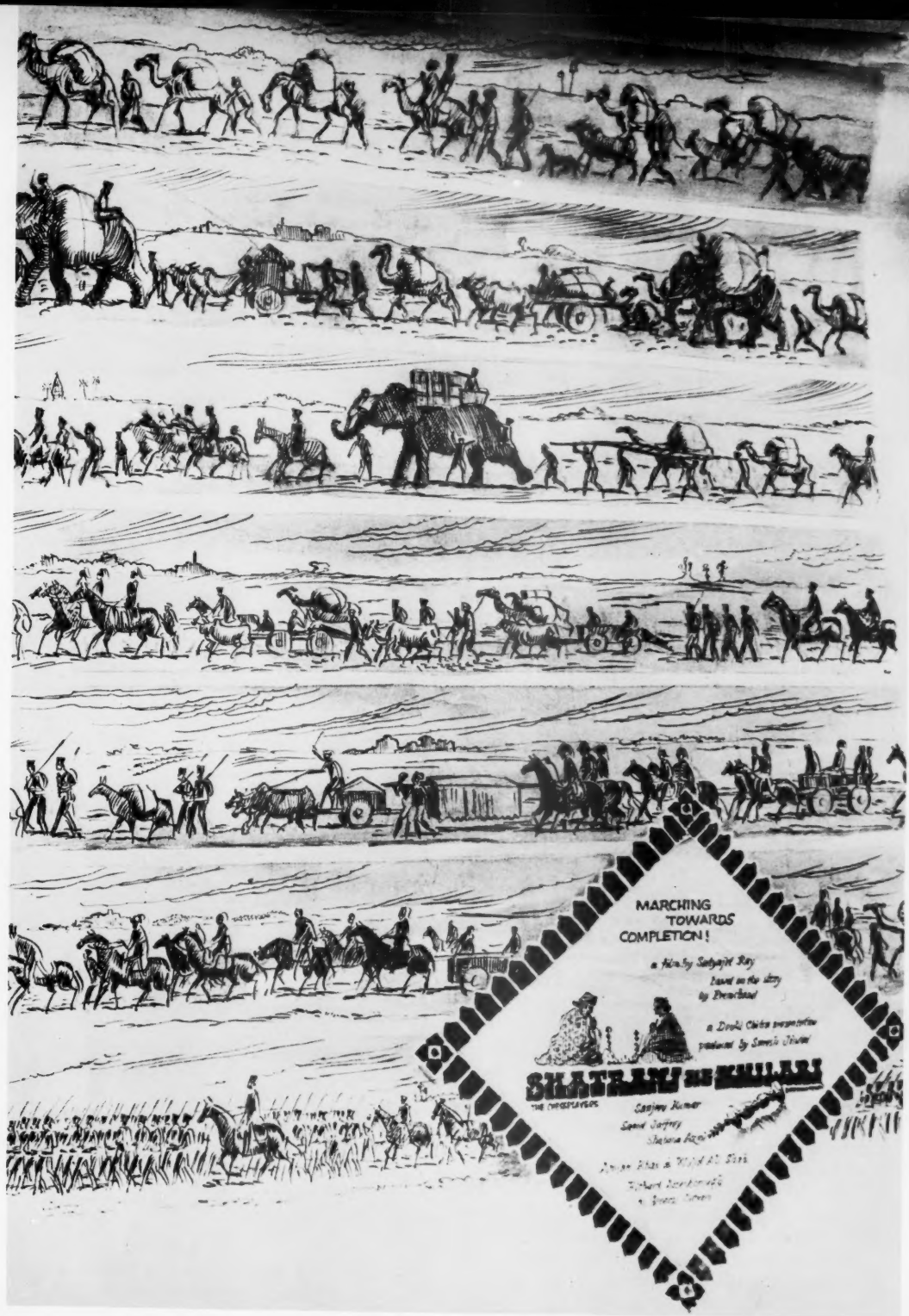
"Marching Towards Completion!" A trade press advertisement drawn by Ray, showing friezes of various kinds of processions.

A design sketch drawn by Ray.



A still from the film.







Apur Sansar (The World of Apu), 1959.

family deeply enmeshed in the crises and conflicts of the modern world. The story was also a metaphor for the history of modern India.

In many ways, it foreshadowed the sweep of Ray's work during later decades. His caravansary of memorable characters has come to seem like figures in a vast landscape representing more than a century of Indian history. In exploring this landscape, Ray has sometimes focused on figures of power and privilege, and sometimes on those who willingly or unwillingly accepted domination. He has examined, from various perspectives, the microcosms surrounding the zamindar, as in *Jalsaghar* (The Music Room), 1958; the upper-class husband, as in *Charulata* (Charulata), 1964; the movie star, as in *Nayak* (Hero), 1966; the Brahmin teacher, as in *Ashani Sanket* (Distant Thunder), 1973; the colonial commander, as in *Shatranj Ke Khilari* (The Chess Players), 1977; the businessman, as in several

"city films," including *Aranyer Din Ratri* (Days and Nights in the Forest) and *Pratidwandi* (The Adversary), 1970.

A key aspect of Ray's handling of these figures is that he seldom makes them heroes or villains. "Villains bore me," he has said—sweeping aside much of India's film output and, in fact, much of the world's output—and for good reason. Villains are a key device for evading central problems of history. Ray, in contrast, has constantly explored the complex of devices by which establishments have legitimized and reinforced their status, in ways that have secured consensus among the ruled as well as the ruling and that have often, for much of the time, eluded the consciousness of both.

Ray's handling of such matters has not endeared him to all audiences. *Shatranj Ke Khilari* (The Chess Players) is a case in point. Set in aristocratic, feudal Lucknow of 1856, it deals with the British annexation of the Kingdom of Oudh, the last quasi-independent realm of India, which was nominally ruled by Wajid Ali Shah. In



Pratidwandi (The Adversary), 1970.



Charulata, 1964.

keeping with the subject, the film was made partly in English and partly in Urdu, the Persianized Hindi spoken by the Lucknow ruling class. It was Ray's first film in a language other than Bengali, and was expected to give him entry to Hindi markets not usually available to him.

But characteristically, Ray saw none of the roles in hero-villain terms. His General Outram of the East India Company, the man who organizes the quiet but forceful overthrow of the King, is troubled by the illegality of his instructions, which clearly violate Britain's "treaty of friendship" with the King. But Outram is also a firm believer in the destiny of empire, which he expects will bring order and progress out of ancient chaos, and he regards it as his duty to history to ignore his own scruples. Besides, he considers Wajid Ali Shah an ineffectual ruler, which he is. Ray's attitude toward the King is likewise ambivalent. He depicts Wajid Ali Shah

as a poet and musician of considerable accomplishment, who has no great liking for the maneuverings of statecraft and has relied on his "treaty of friendship" with the British to allow him the freedom to pursue a passion for the arts. When Britain's treachery becomes clear, he is at first determined to resist with force but finally decides to avoid shedding the blood of his people by surrendering.

Interwoven with these events are episodes involving two noblemen who have an unrestrained passion for chess. The arrangements under which the Kingdom of Oudh has been allowed to remain ostensibly independent, extracting tax revenues from its people while receiving "protection" from the British, have enabled the Oudh establishment to pursue a pleasurable life undisturbed, endlessly playing chess by ancient Indian rules, oblivious to the rougher chess being played by the British. The two nobles are trying to save their kings as their King goes under. They are even oblivious to the needs of their own wives, one of whom is dallying with her husband's nephew. Thus Ray's portrait of the fall of Oudh is a sardonic one. If it did not at once enthrall Hindi film audiences, the reasons are not obscure. Indians could not readily derive emotional satisfaction from its version of history—nor, for that matter, could the British. If there were no villains, there were no heroes either—and no action climax, such as many may have yearned for.

If there was a message, it had to do with non-involvement—with playing chess while Oudh fell. To some this message and the detailed dissection of the thrusts and maneuvers of colonialism—a dissection equally applicable to neocolonialism—seemed timely and important. Like many Ray films, it won intense admiration, but no breakthrough box office success in Hindi markets. It was, said one critic, a film "not for the heart but for the head."

To some critics the film exemplified a "detachment" characteristic of Ray, which they find irksome. They accuse him of being aloof—not "committed." If they mean that he does not enunciate doctrine, they are right. Ray is determined to leave audiences grappling with the problems and situations he has laid bare, and not

Part of Satyajit Ray's score for *Goopy Gyne Bagha Byne* (Goopy and Bagha), 1969.

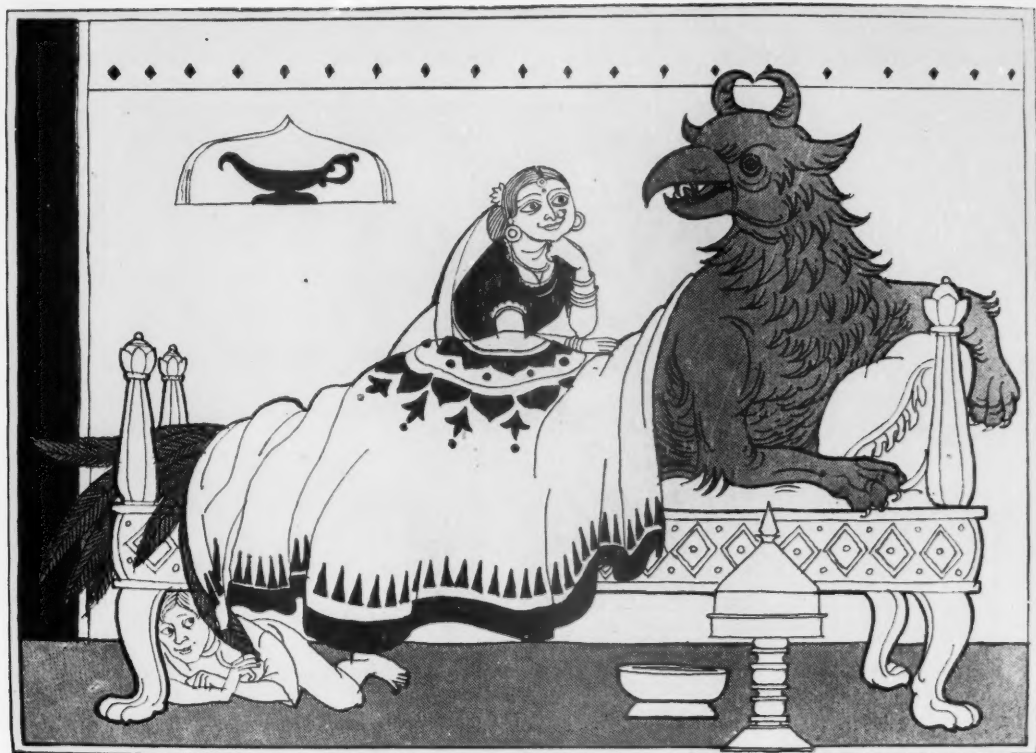


Satyajit Ray's Designs for Credit Sequences

to release them with formula solutions. In this respect he is perhaps more a social historian than a purveyor of popular pleasures. Yet he clearly invests his work with strong emotion, though under tight control.

That a social historian in the film medium should emerge from the turmoil and decaying splendor of Calcutta is not entirely an accident. Calcutta was the capital of British India throughout most of the era of British rule. The presence of the British government fostered the development of an Indian middle class schooled in British ways, history, literature, and values. Its more affluent families sent sons to England to be educated. All this was fostered by British policy, which aimed to develop a stratum of Indian society that would identify its interests with those of the empire.





To a degree the policy succeeded, although its ultimate effect was different. The libertarian themes that run through British history and literature gradually helped to fuel the Indian independence movement, which eventually acquired an irresistible momentum.

During the nineteenth century the juxtaposition of British and Indian cultures in Calcutta under the aegis of imperial government fostered the so-called Bengal Renaissance. It dwelt in two worlds. Its elite was steeped in the arts of the West. The joint-family homes of many leading Indian families had their own theaters, which gradually brought a rebirth of Indian drama, looking not to ancient Indian models but to the drama of Europe—of Shakespeare and of Ibsen. In all the arts a parallel process was taking place.

This ferment in the arts inevitably involved a

"I smell a human being"—a Satyajit Ray drawing for *Sandesh*.

search for identity. And an especially significant aspect of the Bengal Renaissance was that through the arts its practitioners rediscovered their own heritage. They took their forms from Europe but eventually focused them on the life around them. They discovered India.

A towering figure of the Bengal Renaissance was Rabindranath Tagore, whose spirit found expression in poetry, song, drama, essay, dance, and painting. In the meditation center founded by his father and which, under Rabindranath Tagore, became a university—Santiniketan, the abode of peace, "where the world becomes one nest"—the emphasis was on a fusion of the cultures and values of East and West. This work made him a world figure, a Nobel Prize winner, and in 1915 he was rewarded with a British knighthood, becoming Sir Rabindranath. But

A Satyajit Ray illustration for one of his science fiction stories.

four years later he renounced the title in protest against the Amritsar massacre—in which police, to enforce a ban on gatherings, shot into a crowd and killed some four hundred people. Increasingly, Tagore became a symbol of the drive for independence. Santiniketan played a significant role in the Indian rediscovery of India. The Indian national anthem is by Tagore.

A close friend of Tagore's was Upendrakishore Ray, grandfather of Satyajit Ray and, like Tagore, a virtuoso in several arts. Tagore visited the Ray home often. Family theater was an activity of both families. In the wake of the economic crisis that struck the Ray family after the death of Satyajit's father, young Satyajit went to live with relatives while his mother taught embroidery and leather work in a home for widows. This period of financial straits may explain why Satyajit, when ready for college, took up the study of economics. But after earning a B.A. in economics at the University of Calcutta in 1940 at the age of nineteen, he went to study at Santiniketan, where he concentrated on the graphic arts. This led to employment three years later in the Calcutta branch of D. J. Keymer, a British advertising agency. Four years later, at twenty-seven, he became art director of the branch. On the side he was winning recognition as a designer of book jackets and an illustrator of books, including an edition of the immensely successful novel *Pather Panchali*. He was already a film devotee, choosing films according to who directed them rather than who starred in them. When he learned that a film adapted from a favorite novel was about to appear at a Calcutta theater, he sometimes wrote his own complete screenplay based on the book. Later, while watching the film, he would compare it inwardly with his own conception, noting possibilities he might have missed, as well as places where he might have done better. In the process he gained confidence in his judgment. The idea of making films was taking root.

With his friend Chidananda Das Gupta he formed—in 1947, the year of Indian independence—the Calcutta Film Society, which played a further role in his film orientation. Even more important was a lengthy visit to London for indoctrination at the D. J. Keymer head office, which gave him a chance to spend evenings at the British Film Institute, saturating himself in the works of the Italian neorealists and other

European masters. Another important milestone for Ray was the arrival in Calcutta of Jean Renoir for the shooting of *The River*. Ray met him, and he and other members of the Calcutta Film Society helped Renoir search for locations. They were sometimes surprised at familiar things of Bengal that especially excited Renoir and stimulated his curiosity. In a sense, Renoir was helping Ray to discover Bengal.

Satyajit Ray, like the earlier Rays and Tagores, was a man of two cultures, colonial and Indian. But it was in keeping with the Bengal Renaissance that his obsession with the films of Western lands turned him not to imitating them but to discovering his homeland. He wanted to do for India what Roberto Rossellini had done for postwar Italy and Ingmar Bergman was doing for Sweden. When Ray began his own film work, he had little more than book knowledge of his own country, or even of his home state of West Bengal. But his films became vehicles for a twenty-five-year exploration that brought him closer and closer to his own people. Closer, at the same time, to others far away across the world. "And this," he writes, "is what amazes you most and makes you feel indebted to the cinema: this discovery that although you have roots here—in Bengal, in India—you are at the same time part of a large plan, a universal pattern. This uniqueness and this universality and the co-existence of the two, is what mainly I try to convey through my films."¹ Perhaps for the same reason, he feels no great compulsion to seek other settings. There is still so much to be learned and told about Bengal. It is a whole world.

For a time his explorations seemed lonely work. His films won early response in Bengal, but to most of India they were films in a foreign language. Their linguistic nuances made them unsuitable for dubbing; in any case, dubbing seemed to Ray an execrable practice, a corruption. In some Indian cities the films appeared with English subtitles, generally in "Sunday morning shows"—the equivalent of "art theater" showings elsewhere. Thus the Ray films appeared in most of India under precisely the same circumstances as in the United States, Germany, Japan, Mexico, China, or Australia. Most of India became aware of Ray's world fame

¹From a documentary film on Ray by B. D. Garga, quoted in Anandam Film Society, *Montage*, July 1966.

1/2 (10-12) (1948-50) violin/cello/contrabass/bassoon/flute
Swedish (1948-50)

②

violin 1	→	✓	✓	✓	✓
violin 2	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓
cello	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓
flute	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓
contrabass	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓
violin	→	✓	✓	✓	✓

violin 1	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓
violin 2	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓
cello	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓
flute	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓
contrabass	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓
violin	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓

②

violin 1	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓
violin 2	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓
cello	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓
flute	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓
contrabass	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓
violin	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓

violin 1	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓
violin 2	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓
cello	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓
flute	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓
contrabass	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓
violin	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓

A Satyajit Ray score.

For making available the illustrations in this article, our thanks to Satyajit Ray and to the Directorate of Film Festivals, Ministry of Information and Broadcasting, Government of India. These illustrations, with text by Chidananda Das Gupta, are featured in the Directorate's exhibit on the career of Satyajit Ray.

but was only marginally familiar with his work.

Film producers of Bombay and Madras, where the bulk of the spectacular song-and-dance features are made, sometimes show pique over Ray's international celebrity. A film star ascribed it to Ray's "peddling India's poverty abroad." Bombay song-and-dance directors like to say that of course Ray's work is splendid "artistically" but that Bombay films are better "technically." The discovery that Western critics consider Ray's work superb vis-à-vis not only artistry but also technical quality—in spite of the modest budgets on which they are made—brings puzzlement and a hint of annoyance.

But Ray has also won his share of admirers in Bombay, Madras, and other film centers. Students at the Film and Television Institute of India at Pune study his work. It has become a staple in the programs of Indian film societies, which have proliferated in recent years. Stars from various sectors are eager to appear in Ray's films, even at depressed Calcutta rates, and they speak with admiration of his directing style and skills. A tall man of impressive physique, Ray directs calmly, with minimal explanations. There is an invisible wall about him, but he is unfailingly respectful to coworkers. If an actor's performance raises problems, Ray takes him quietly aside for a chat. There is very little waste of time, because every sequence has been planned in detail. Ray's scripts are littered with small sketches showing planned camera vistas; yet he can respond warmly to actor improvisations that contribute to the intended effect. Precisely to encourage such spontaneous contributions, he avoids excessive rehearsing. If an actor wants to discuss motivations, Ray is glad to do so, but he does not belabor the cast with lectures on, or analyses of, the project at hand. He invests enormous concentration in the casting process, looking ceaselessly for the right faces and voices. Because of careful planning, he uses little film, often shooting with a four-to-one ratio while other directors might use ten-to-one or even more. Most Satyajit Ray films have had budgets of less than a hundred thousand dollars.

A number of technicians and actors have worked with Ray repeatedly. He has no contract with any of them; they merely tend to wait until he is ready for a new production, in the hope that he will have a place for them. Partly for their sake he has moved rapidly from one production to another, always keeping a number

of projects in readiness—sketching adaptations of public domain classics; writing scenarios and putting them aside; negotiating for screen rights to novels he has liked. His schedule is crowded, but he maintains an unhurried air. In the evening he likes to play the harpsichord.

When Ray began composing his own music, one highly successful Bombay film composer, Vanraj Bhatia, felt that it was an expression of ego. Ray's filmmaking, he felt, was turning increasingly into "a one-man show." But a few films later Bhatia changed his mind about Ray's music. It was a major element, he felt, in the extraordinary beauty and tautness of Ray's *Charulata*. "Few musicians in India could have given him the kind of mood music that he himself has managed to compose."²

Satyajit Ray has in no way affected the Indian obsession with song-and-dance films. Yet he is no longer a solitary figure. In various regions of India the work of Ray has spurred the development of "regional" styles of cinema, aiming at the fascination—and universality—of the authentically local, evoking lives at particular moments in particular places. A number of impressive younger filmmakers have emerged from this trend—Shyam Benegal, Girish Karnad, Mrinal Sen, M. S. Sathieu, B. V. Karanth, G. Aravindan. They come from various linguistic areas. They differ in many ways but share a determination to shun established formula. They too are discoverers of India. They have not shaken the film establishment but have won a following of their own. Their work has acquired the name "parallel cinema." In one way or another, it is a response to what seemed for a time a voice in the wilderness, Satyajit Ray.

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²Vanraj Bhatia in Anandam Film Society, *Montage*, July 1966.

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FILMS OF SATYAJIT RAY

- Pather Panchali* (Song of the Road), 1955
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Paras Pathar (The Philosopher's Stone), 1957
Jalsaghar (The Music Room), 1958*
Apur Sansar (The World of Apu), 1959
Devi (Goddess), 1960
Rabindranath Tagore (documentary), 1961*
Teen Kanya (Three Daughters), 1961
Kanchanjanga (Kanchanjanga), 1962
Abhijan (Expedition), 1962
Mahanagar (The Big City), 1963*
Charulata (Charulata), 1964*
Two (short film for Esso World Theater), 1965
Kapurush-O-Mahapurush
 (The Coward and the Saint), 1965*
Nayak (Hero), 1966*
Chiriakhana (The Zoo), 1967
Goopy Gyne Bagha Byne (Goopy and Bagha), 1969
Aranyer Din Ratri (Days and Nights in the Forest), 1970*
Pratidwandi (The Adversary), 1970
Seemabaddha (Company Limited), 1971*
Sikkim (documentary), 1971
Ashani Sanket (Distant Thunder), 1973
The Inner Eye (documentary), 1974
Sonar Kella (The Golden Fortress), 1974
Jana Aranya (The Middleman), 1974
Bala (documentary), 1976
Shatranj Ke Khilari (The Chess Players), 1977
Joi Baba Felunath (The Elephant God), 1978
Hirak Rajar Deshay (Kingdom of Diamonds), 1980

*In the Library of Congress film collection.



Two "Loaf-givers"

Or a Tour through the Gastronomic Libraries of Katherine Golden Bitting and Elizabeth Robins Pennell

BY LEONARD N. BECK

PART 2:

ENGLAND

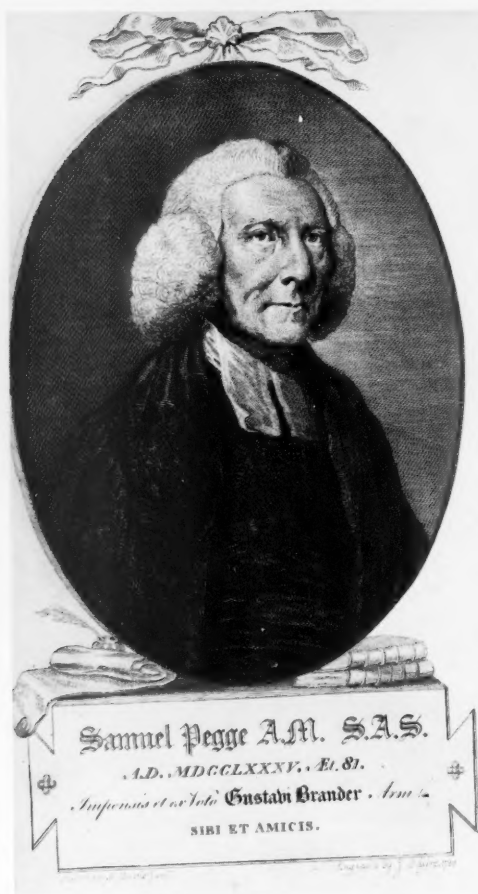
English culinary antiquarianism begins with Samuel Pegge's *Forme of Cury* (1780)* and Richard Warner's *Antiquitates culinariae* (1791) and continues immediately in the next century with Furnivalli and Austin's edition of medieval texts for the Early English Text Society and William Pickering's half a dozen printings of the manuscript materials describable as "Household Ordinances." The author of the *Forme of Cury*, the earliest English cookery manuscript, who worked about 1390 as cook to Richard II, is unknown, but his French origins or tastes are clear in his work. Thereafter to live like an English milord seems always to have demanded a French cook; in Elizabeth's time William Harrison complained in his *Description of England* that noble kitchens were run by "musicall-headed Frenchmen." The English love-hate ambivalence toward French cuisine that will be one of the

themes of this account thus announces itself early.

Every book collector encounters areas where knowledge and enthusiasm are not enough to enable him to carry out his design because the pieces required never enter the marketplace. There is no example in the collections of Katherine Golden Bitting and Elizabeth Robins Pennell of the Tudor cookbook proper, either early, like the *Booke of Cokery* printed in 1500 by Richard Pynson, or late, like the 1587 *Good Huswifes Jewell* of Thomas Dawson. Elyot's *Castel of Helth* (1541), perhaps a third of which is devoted to diet, is his version of the doctrines of Galen and Hippocrates. Elyot is better known for his ethical treatise, *The Governour*, but he had studied medicine with Linacre. Sir Hugh Plat's *Delights for Ladies* (1644) may have been the first cookbook to give stillroom recipes. John Gerard's *Herball* (1633) mentions a parsnip bread "set forth . . . by my friend Master Plat, which I have made no tryall of, nor mean to do so." The line is quoted, not to illustrate the limits of friendship, but as a reminder that the Bitting Collection ranges beyond the cookbook to herbals like Gerard's and like John Parkinson's *Theatrum*

*Dates in parentheses refer to editions in the Library's Bitting and Pennell Collections. Part 1 of this article appeared in the winter 1980 *Quarterly Journal*.

Frontispiece from Richard Bradley's *The Country Housewife and Lady's Director*



THE
FORME OF CURY,
A R O L L
O F
ANCIENT ENGLISH COOKERY,

Compiled, about A. D. 1390, by the
Master-Cooks of King RICHARD II,
Presented afterwards to Queen ELIZABETH,
by EDWARD LORD STAFFORD,
And now in the Possession of GUSTAVUS BRANDER, Esq.

Illustrated with NOTES,
And a copious INDEX, or GLOSSARY.
A MANUSCRIPT of the EDITOR, of the
same Age and Subject, with other congruous
Matters, are subjoined.

"— ingeniosa gula est." MARTIAL.

LONDON,
PRINTED BY J. NICHOLS,
PRINTER TO THE SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.
M DCC LXXX.

On appearance, the edition of *The Forme of Cury* by the Reverend Samuel Pegge, numismatist, antiquarian, and writer for *Archaeologia*, was greeted poetically in the *Gentleman's Magazine*:

Hail once more, Sir! May health attend
On you—and Brander, your good friend,
Who with joint kindness have combin'd
To teach us how our fathers din'd:
All in "The Forme of Cury" told
As used in Richard's days of old,
When Cury, as it then was styl'd
With wise Avisement was compil'd.

Gustavus Brander, the owner of the manuscript, was a millionaire merchant of Swedish origin. The version of *The Forme of Cury* given in Richard Warner's *Antiquitates Culinae* (London: R. Blamire, 1791) is more easily read because of its expansion of the abbreviations.

Botanicum (1640), where the author's first concern is with the color of a flower and the flavor of a fruit or vegetable. Similarly, Fynes Morison's *Itinerary* (1617) is in the Bitting Collection because of the happy gusto with which it describes the meals and manners encountered by a gentleman on his travels in the last decade of the sixteenth century.

The Elizabethan *Health's Improvement*, written perhaps in 1594 and posthumously published in 1655 (the Bitting second edition of 1746 is important for the prefatory and biographical material) is a gossipy discourse on the "nature, method and manner of preparing all the kinds of foods used in the Nation." The author, identified on the title page as "that ever famous Thomas

Moffett," was a friend of Sir Francis Drake and Tycho Brahe and physician to that Mary Herbert ever famous for her epitaph as "the subject of all verse" once attributed to Ben Jonson. Moffett approves neither of "surfeiting nor self-pining," although gross eaters are warned that they stand upon the "rayser's edge." He continues in the Hippocratic prejudice against fish, for "howsoever it be sold, buter'd, fried or boiled . . . yet a stone will be a stone," but he may have been the first to recommend liver to "please the taste, clear the eyesight, agree with the stomach and encrease blood."

The reign of that difficult man James I carries the cookbook further in the writings of Gervase Markham and John Murrell. Markham has already been mentioned as one of those who take over from the classic *Scriptores rei rusticae* the occupation with the *praedium* or *fundus*, the "whole house." His *English Huswife* (1649, 1675, 1676) is a foundation stone of the culinary tradition of America as well as England, for it appears in the *Records* of the Virginia Company as early as 1620. Markham was an indefatigable hack of talent, not to say genius, whose understanding of game cookery George Saintsbury particularly commends. The second part of Markham's *Countrie Contentments*, the *English Huswife*, is self-described as "imparting the inward and outward virtues . . . which ought to reside in the compleate woman." Cookery is "the first and most principall" of the virtues of this woman, for "she that is utterly ignorant therein may not . . . challenge the freedome of Marriage, because indeed she can then but performe halfe her vow, for she may love and obey, but she cannot serve and keepe him with that true dutie which is ever expected." Markham's free use of herbs, greens, fruits, and vegetables in the "simple sallet" and the "grand sallet," which will become the *salmagundi*, shows that seventeenth-century England was a flowering garden.

John Murrell's *A Daily Exercise for Ladies and Gentlewomen* (1617) is singled out here as indicating the arrival in England of "conceits in sugar-workes of several kindes," "gellies," "cordiall wines" and "sucket-candies." Sugar from the West Indies, not maize or potatoes, is the great American innovation in sixteenth- and seventeenth-century cuisine. Murrell seems to have been a free-lance cook who supplemented his income by the sale at his publishers of the bread and gingerbread moulds, pots, pans, and other

utensils mentioned in his books. Murrell's *A New Booke of Cookerie* (1641?), first published in 1617—that is, two years after Markham—is unmixed cookbook, with recipes "all set forth according to the now new English and French fashion."

The elegant, formal court of Charles I, which had Ben Jonson for poet and Van Dyke for painter, was the example for smaller counterparts scattered over England on the estates of the great landed gentry. Nathaniel Brooke led the publishers opening "closets" or "cabinets" to reveal the "secrets" of cookery and housewifery of the *chatelaines* of high degree to the discreet reader. These are the cavalier cookbooks, like the cavalier poets expressing the ideals and pretensions of a gallant, courtly aristocracy during its trial by a rude reality. They are well described by Mrs. Pennell, whose own style so often falls into what Charles Lamb called the "beautiful obliquities" of seventeenth-century prose: "Rose leaves and saffron, musk and 'amber-greece,' orange flower and angelica are scattered through them, until it seems as if the feasts could have been spread only for Phillis or Anthea. . . . The names of the dishes are a joy: the tanzies of violets or cowslips and the orangado phraises; the syllabubs and the frumenties—'all-tempting Frumenty,' the wiggs and pastries; the eggs in moonshine, the conserves of red roses, the possets without end, and almost as lyrical as the poet's, made 'with cream of lilies, not of kine, and maiden's blush for spiced wine'."

The lady of the manor practiced pharmacy in her kitchen and so quickly took over the arts of preserving, candying, and conserving as sugar became available. It is to the ladies that Sir Hugh Plat announces:

*Of sweets, the sweetest I will now commend
To sweetest creatures that the Earth doth bear,
These are the saints to whom I sacrifice
Preserves and Conserves of the Plum and Pear.*

Typically *The Ladies Cabinet Enlarged and Opened* (1654, 1655) begins with preserving, candying, and conserving and passes through "physick and chirurgy" to reach cookery. If the stillroom formulas in the appendix that are ascribed to Lord Ruthven are really the work of Charles I's general, no more martial pen ever wrote a cookbook.

The True Gentlewoman's Delight of that very sympathetic Lady Bountiful, Elizabeth Talbot,

Dowager Duchess of Kent, appears in the Bitting Collection in a 1671 edition not reported by Oxford. This work, first published as the second part of the same author's *A Choice Manual* (1659) and usually bound with it, appears separately in the Bitting Collection. The Dowager Duchess of Kent scandalized contemporaries almost equally by living quasi-conjugally with John Selden, a scholar of immense learning, and causing "every other day a hugh dinner to be got, and all the poor people might come that would and that which (was) spared they took home with them." The young Samuel Butler was a retainer in the Duchess's household, so that her books can be read as the bill of fare of Selden and the author of *Hudibras*. One thinks in the same way of Jessie Conrad's *A Handbook of Cooking for a Small House* (1923), for which her husband Joseph wrote the foreword. Jessie delighted her husband's friends by preparing for them their favorite dishes, the recipes for which she gives in her modest little book. Joseph Conrad has delighted all cookbook collectors since by his defense of their interest:

Of all the books produced since the most remote ages by human talents and industry those only that treat of cooking are, from a moral point of view, above suspicion. The intention of every other piece of prose may be discussed and even mistrusted; but the purpose of a cookery book is one and unmistakable. Its object can conceivably be no other than to increase the happiness of mankind.

The appearances of *The Compleat Cook* (1656) and *A Queen's Delight* (1660, 1683) separately or accompanied by "The Pearl of Practice" in *The Queen's Cabinet Opened* (1663) and *The Queen's Closet Opened* (1656) are too complex for charting here. The Queen is the unfortunate Henrietta Maria, to whom "the most experienced persons of our Time" presented "these incomparable secrets, many of which were honoured with her own practice, when she pleased to descend to these more primitive recreations." "The Pearl of Practice," which does not seem ever to have appeared separately, provides home remedies like the "Comfortable Juleb for a Feaver" or "The Water of Life," and *A Queen's Delight* the formulas for the royal perfumes used by Edward VI and Elizabeth. Our interest is in the refinement of Charles I's court as expressed in *The Compleat Cook*, *Expressly Prescribing the Most Ready Ways Whether Italian, Spanish, or French for Dressing of Flesh and Fish, Ordering of*

Sauces, or Making of Pastry. Note that there is no English ready way.

A "woman's liberationist" *avant la lettre*, Hannah Woolley is being discovered today for the trenchant, truculent eloquence of her attacks on male chauvinism. Our concern is limited, however, to the author of *The Ladies Directory* (1662), who observed "methinks I hear some of you say I wish Mrs. Woolley would set forth some *New Experiments*" and in response published her *Queen-like Closet* (1674, 1684?). *A Supplement to the Queen-like Closet* (1674) is bound in with the Pennell copy. In this closet are to be found kickshaws, ragoos, fricassées, syllabubs, and other dishes sure "to gratify Noble Persons in their *Gusto's*." Her cookery is medieval in the recipes for veal to be prepared to "eat like" sturgeon, pig like lamb, and beef or mutton like venison. Her household management section gives the medical receipts for the "Griping of the Guts" and other digestive disorders doubtlessly occasioned by her recipes. Her poetry plummets to depths not attained again until Julia Moore, the "Sweet Singer of Michigan," took up her lyre, proving that there is always room at the bottom.

The Pennell copy of *The Accomplisht Lady's Delight in Preserving, Physick, Beautifying and Cookery* (1675), sometimes attributed to Hannah Wooley, carries A. W. Oxford's bookplate, although Oxford's bibliography refers only to a second edition of 1677. This copy is imperfect; regrettably, there is a gap where the index promises the "art of angling" and one is left wondering if Dame Julia Berners has been remembered. The Bitting copy (1706) belongs to the "ninth edition, enlarged," is very much smaller, and was without the "art of angling" from the beginning. Of the two the first is the more attractive edition, with larger type, better paper, and plates that are not worn. It seems possible to generalize for these books that a progressive deterioration in book production occurs in each edition after the first. The section interesting us is "The Compleat Cook's Guide, or, Directions for the Dressing of all Sorts of Flesh, Fowl, and Fish the English and the French Way." There are three plates in the Pennell edition, one of which shows the appropriate shape for humble pie.

John Shirley's *Accomplished Ladies Rich Closet of Rarities* (1696) is one of those hack-written "how-to" books produced in large numbers for a mass audience that are thumbled out of

A
HANDBOOK OF COOKERY
FOR A SMALL HOUSE

BY
Jessie Conrad



WITH A PREFACE
BY
JOSEPH CONRAD

GARDEN CITY NEW YORK
DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & COMPANY
1923

Printed in 1923, Jessie Conrad's *Handbook of Cookery* was probably completed by 1906, for Conrad describes it in the letter to Ford Madox Ford of January 26, 1907. Jessie was so puffed up with her achievement that Conrad said "nothing but an epidemic of indigestion setting in over all the United Kingdom after publication will subdue her." Conrad wanted to get money enough to settle all his financial difficulties. He involved Ford, who had participated in the sale of the George Meredith-Thomas Love Peacock manuscript cookbook to J. P. Morgan and was working with the publisher Byles. In sending letters of rejection to Ford and Conrad, Byles mixed the envelopes. Conrad read Byles's indignant query whether Ford thought him mad or a charitable institution to give that sum of money for a cookbook from a man whose novels never sold more than 2,000 copies. Conrad threatened Byles; Byles told Ford his duty was to horsewhip Conrad. Ford tells the story of this imbroglio with great glee in *Return to Yesterday*.

existence, so today the booksellers call any copy they sell "excessively rare." Shirley wrote "not only for the delight but for the Accomplishment of the Female Sex," so he begins with distilling, preserving, carving, cosmetics, stain removal, cooking, baking, and bills of fare before laying down the rules of deportment for the young gentlewoman. Shirley wrote "almost a hundred hardbound books," according to his publisher, the very eccentric Anglo-American John Dunton, who was himself the author of *The Ladies Dictionary* (1694), a fat little book designed to interest the female sex "from the lady at the court to the cook-maid in the country" that is in our Oliver Wendell Holmes Collection. The last of the genre that will be mentioned here, *The True Way of Preserving and Candyng* (1681, 1695) was specially intended by its author "for my scholars," a reminder that there was a cooking school in London.

The Restoration, that "very merry, dancing, drinking, laughing, quaffing and unthinking time," returned the cookbook from the lady of the manor to the professional cook and reinforced the French influence. Murrell excepted, Robert May was the first professional to publish a cookbook after *The Forme of Cury* of 1390. That statement should not be thought to imply any continuity between the two cooks. May's vocational schooling indicates the absence of a tradition: the son of a London cook, he was sent off to Paris at the age of ten to be trained in his father's craft. Curiously for a time when gentry were gentry and every one else merely people, May recognizes the existence of a middle class, saying that for those who "cannot reach to the cost of rich dishes, I have descended to their meaner Expenses." May's *Accomplisht Cook* (1660, 1678, 1685) opens with a three-page recipe for an olio, presumably in deference to Catherine of Braganza, but constantly looks back to the puddings, pies, and roasts of Charles I's England, "those golden days wherein was practised the Triumphs and Tragedies of cookery." The Frenchness is there—May gives nine recipes for snails—despite his sneers at the "epigram dishes" with which the French "have bewitched some of the gallants of our nation."

Will Rabisha's *Whole Body of Cookery* (1673) announces recipes "according to the best tradition of the English, French, Italian, Dutch," but this kind of multinationalism was a temporary phenomenon. Charles II and his



**The Queen-like Closet
OR
RICH CABINET:**

Stored with all manner of
RARE RECEIPTS

FOR

Preserving, Candying and Cookery.

Very Pleasant and Beneficial to all
Ingenious Persons of the
FEMALE SEX.

By **HANNAH WOLLEY.**

The Second EDITION.

LONDON

Printed for *Richard Lowndes* at the
White Lion in *Duck-Lane*,
near *West-Smithfield*,
1672.

In a letter to another print collector (August 12, 1769), Horace Walpole lamented, "Mrs. Wolley I could not get high nor low." It was once thought that hers is the portrait in *The Accomplisht-Lady's Delight* and John Shirley's *Accomplished Ladies Rich Closet of Rarities*, but these attributions have been disproved. Hannah Wolley's admirers must be content with the energetic little figures depicted here

as portraits of her spirit, if not of her person. This is the spirit the anonymous bard celebrated when he wrote:

*In her very way of looking
There was cognizance of cooking.
Underneath her skirt were peeping
Indications of housekeeping.*

brother preferred French cuisine and "Dutch Billy," the cooking of his home country, so that English cuisine again did not have the support of the example of the court. While May writes for master cooks and young practitioners, Rabisha addresses himself to a wide audience, although knowing that the "Fraternity of Cooks" will berate him for revealing its mysteries to every kitchen maid. Giles Rose is one of Mrs. Pennell's enthusiasms for his dramatic diagrams of trussed birds and skewered joints, "the like never before extant in any language." The title of his *A Perfect School of Instruction for Officers of the Mouth* (1676, 1682) gives away its origin in *L'Escole parfaite des officiers de bouche*, from which most of the illustrations are taken. Among the officer of the mouth's concerns are carving and table service, so Rose gives directions for laying long and round tables, for folding napkins into beasts and birds, for "carve-peeling" apples and pears in twelve ways and oranges in eighteen.

The pace of this enumeration must be slowed now. Towering personalities like Sir Kenelm Digby and John Evelyn cannot be fitted tidily into a rapid review. Poet, courtier, duellist, diplomat, swashbuckling naval commander, dabbler in science and the occult, Digby was judged a "noble and absolutely compleat Gentleman" by Henry Peacham in his *Complete Gentlemen* and "an arrant mountebank" by John Evelyn. Mrs. Pennell said once that Digby and the openers of cabinets and closets wrote the best bedside books, although later naming Markham the prettiest of them all. There will be no comment here on *The Closet of the Eminently Learned Sir Kenelm Digby* (1671) which in the Pennell copy is bound with *Choice and Experimented Receipts in Physick and Chirurgery* (1668). As the preface says, Sir Kenelm's name "does sufficiently auspicate the work" so that "it needs no Rhetoricating Floscules to set it off."

The first of the *Two Treatises, By . . . the Honourable and Truly Learned Sir Kenelm Digby, Knight* (1669), the one on home remedies and cosmetics, does not give the secret of the "Viper Wine for the Completion," to which was attributed both the beauty and the death of Venetia Stanley (Lady Digby), whose portrait Van Dyke painted and whose death Ben Johnson commemorated in the *Eupheme* poem series. The sepa-

rate title page of the second of the *Two Treatises* reads: "the other, of cookery, with several ways, for making metheglin, sider, cherry-wine, &c. together with excellent directions for preserving, conserving, candying, &c." The modern writer Elizabeth David, to whose opinions other students of cookbooks defer, suggests that the first large group of recipes for metheglin (the drink from fermented honey) be read aloud for the sound, like litanies and magic rituals, and that the reader then go on to enjoy this beautiful example of English baroque literature in the usual way.

Digby introduces his friends to you with their recipes, e.g., "The White Metheglin of My Lady Hungerford," "The Queen Mother's Hotchpotch of Mutton," or "My Lord d'Aubigny eats Red Herrings thus boyld." It is a special pleasure to meet the "crème fouetée of My Lord of St. Albans," that is, Francis Bacon. Digby gives his own recipes for "Hydromel as I Made It Weak for the Queen Mother and Was Exceedingly Liked by Everybody," "A Good Quaking Bag-Pudding," and "To Make Ale Drink Quick" and tells the reader that a dish must be left to thicken "until you see your shadow in it" or "till it begins to blink." The example of his style most frequently cited occurs in his account of the instructions for the brewing of tea given by a Jesuit newly returned from China: "The water is to remain on it no longer than whiles you can say the *Miserere* Psalm very leisurely . . . thus you have only the spiritual part of the tea, which is much more active, penetrative, and friendly to nature." The recital of a set piece like the *Credo* to time a cooking operation can be found as early as 1475 in the first cookbook, Platina's *De honesta voluptate*.

At the Royal Society on March 1, 1665, Samuel Pepys heard a "very particular account of the making of the several sorts of bread in France, which is accounted the best place for bread in the world." The speaker was John Evelyn, the other of England's two great diarists. Thirty-four years later John Evelyn turned to gastronomy again to write *Acetaria. A Discourse of Sallets* (1699). Evelyn sees the composition of a salad as an exercise in harmony: "every plant . . . should fall into their places like the Notes in Music, in which there should be nothing harsh or grating: And tho admitting some Discords (to distinguish and illustrate the rest) striking in the more sprightly, and sometimes gentler Notes, reconcile all

Dissonances, and melt them into an agreeable Composition." He counsels the housewife to model after Milton's representation of Eve "dressing of a sallet for her Angelical Guest," but also gives practical advice on the avoidance of metal knives.

Evelyn lists seventy-three herbs and plants as salad ingredients but says of garlic "'tis not fit for Ladies Palats, nor those who court them, farther than to permit a light touch on the Dish, with a Clove thereof." These ingredients are to be sprinkled "discreetly" with spring water and swung together in a clean coarse napkin. Evelyn insists on sweet wine vinegar and requires that the oil not be "high coloured nor yellow but with an eye rather of a pallid olive green without smell or the least touch of rancid." He accepts pepper and rejects saffron ("we little encourage its admittance into a sallet"). A steel knife must not be used, and the salad dish must be of porcelain or of Holland delft. His injunction that the stirring continue "until all the furniture be equally moistened" comes to mind today when one is served a quartered iceberg lettuce head on whose edge a dab of salad dressing has been deposited. The seasonal table of salad plants with which the book ends satisfies a request made by the then obscure Robert Boyle some years before.

In the century which we now leave, English cookery had ceased being more than half medieval and become more than half modern. Most obvious is the solo appearance of meat, that is, the disappearance of the medieval meat stews, the mawmenees and mortrells. This is evidenced in the cookbooks by May's 112 recipes for beef, in high society by the formation of the Sublime Society of Beefsteaks, and in literature by the verse "The Roast Beef of Old England." Along with beef come the dairy products, butter for vegetables, pastry, sauces—indeed, melted butter is the English sauce—and cream and milk for custards, puddings, and caramels. English puddings make Misson, a French traveler, break out into capital letters: "BLESSED BE HE THAT INVENTED PUDDING for now it is a manna that hits the appetite of all sorts of people." English cookbooks now talk about the *bouquet garni*, cream soups, heavy stocks, and *paté feuilleté* which can be associated with the Frenchman La Varenne, in either *Le Cuisinier françois* or *Le Pâtissier françois*. Even the style has changed. The trailing anacolouthas and tangled

parentheses of Sir Kenelm Digby give way to the Addisonian well-made sentence. At the end of the coming century, Mrs. Raffald will write with most un-Cavalier matter of factness a sentence like: "Stick your pig just above the breast bone, run your knife to the heart, when it is dead, put it into cold water."

The cookbooks for the transition from the seventeenth to the eighteenth century, from Stuart to Hanoverian England, were written by Henry Howard and Patrick Lamb, the former, cook for the Duke of Ormond and the Earl of Winchester, the latter, cook in the kitchen of all the rulers of England from Charles II to Queen Anne. Howard's *England's Newest Way in All Sorts of Cookery* (1708, 1747) is the first to give diagrams for the setting of the table which show that the large medieval dish had given way to numerous smaller dishes in geometric array over the whole table. He also gives recipes for cakes, marmalades, and sweets, though this area is more fully represented for the time by Mary Eales' *Receipts* (1718). Patrick Lamb's *Royal Cookery* (1710) introduces the recipes used at St. James, Kensington, Hampton Court, and Windsor with the wit and elegance befitting his intention to represent the "grandeur of the English court and nation." Lamb's specialty is the ragout, for which he gives twenty-three recipes, and one's eyes will linger on his recipe for "dressed Salmon in Champaign Wine." There are also "Near Forty Figures (Curiously Engraved on Copper) of the Magnificent Entertainments at Coronations, Installations, Balls, Weddings, &c, at Court" that show the permutations and combinations possible then in stocking a table. The *Royal Cookery* was the one cookbook in the library of

The cookbook sometimes also served as a family record, as shown here. "Brother John Halfpenny when he was at Trinity Colidge" presented this copy of Hannah Wolley's *The Queen-like Closet* to Mary Halfpenny. She wrote her own recipes for syllabubs and gooseberry wine, orange pudding and "plane" cake, on the flyleaves. The book became the property of Anna Warden at an unrecorded date. However, James and Rebecca Keeling, sometime in the middle of the seventeenth century, do tell us the hours when Thomas and Rebecca were born unto them.

Mary Halpenny
her Booke

1678

ye orange puding

take ye outward rines of 4
oranges boyle ym very tender
der in severall waters
yn bect tagem in a stone
rter very fine with half
a pound of suger & half
a pound of butter yn put
so it 2 hand fulls of bread
cumes wth: 40 eggs having
bat: 2 whits & ye juce of 3
orangs mix all these toge
ther bake it wth a sheet of
past under it: half an
honor bakes it



*What: wouldst thou view but in one face
all hospitallitie the race
of those that for the Gusto stand
whose tables a whole Ark comand
of Nature's plentie wouldst thou see
this sight, peruse Maies booke. tis hee.*

THE Accomplisht Cook, OR THE ART and MYSTERY OF COOKERY.

Wherein the whole ART is revealed in a
more ealie and perfect Method, than hath
been publisht in any language.

Expert and ready Ways for the Dressing of all Sorts of
FLESH, FOWL, and FISH, with variety of SAUCES
proper for each of them; and how to raise all manner
of Pastes; the best Directions for all sorts of Kickshaws,
also the Terms of CARVING and SEWING.

An exact account of all Dishes for all Seasons of the
Year, with other *A la mode Curiosities*.

The Fourth Edition, with large Additions throughout
the whole work: besides two hundred Figures of fe-
veral Forms for all manner of bak'd Meats, (either
Flesh, or Fish) as Pies, Tarts, Custards, Cheescakes,
and Florentines, placed in Tables, and directed to the
Pages they appertain to.

Approved by the fifty five Years Experience and Indu-
stry of ROBERT MAY, in his Attendance on
several Persons of great Honour.

London, Printed for Obadiah Blagrave at the Bear in St.
Pauls Church Yard, near the Little North-Door. 1678.

According to the preface of *The Accomplisht Cook*, May was born in 1588 and, therefore, would have been seventy-two years old in 1660, the date of this portrait. One of May's "Triumphs and Tragedies in cookery" is unquestionably the masterpiece of the kind. It calls for a pastry ship with guns made of marzipan, a wounded stag of pastry filled with claret to simulate blood, and pastry cattle. Among these are distributed two pies, one filled with frogs and the other with birds. The cattle and the ship were blown up with powder trains, the stag would bleed when the arrow was removed, and the birds and frogs would come out of their pies. May promises that "the flying birds and skipping frogs, the one above, the other beneath, will provide much delight and pleasure to the whole company."

Sir Robert Walpole, "The Great Man" satirized as a sybarite by Pope, Gay, and Swift.

The shift from men writing for men cooks to women writing for women housekeepers is prefigured by Richard Allestree's *The Ladies Calling* (1673) and the anonymous *The Whole Duty of Woman* (1734), which make cookery, along with the church and children, the business of the sex that has been admonished to be good, letting who will be clever. The change does not take place all at once and neither form ever completely dominates. Mary Kettibly's 1714 *A Collection of Above Three Hundred Receipts in Cookery, Physick, and Surgery; for the Use of All Good Wives, Tender Mothers, and Careful Nurses* (1734) is followed by Robert Smith's 1723 *Court Cookery* (1725) and John Nott's 1723 666-page

Cooks and Confectioners Dictionary (1724, 1726, 1727.) Nott gives almost two thousand recipes, findable by what he calls "a copious alphabetical index," originating with "the nicest and most curious Dames and Housewives" of England and "the best Masters" of France, Spain, Italy, Germany, and other countries. However, after Smith and Nott in chronological line is the *Compleat Housewife* (1730) of E. Smith—even the British Museum *Catalogue* does not know the Christian name—which is the harbinger of the series of best-sellers written by women from their own experiences in "fashionable and notable homes."

The line of demarcation in the employment of men and women in the kitchen is made clear by Swift's 1734 *Instructions for Servants*: "Although I am not ignorant that it has been a long time since the Custom among People of Quality to keep Men Cooks, and generally of the French Nation, yet because my Treatise is chiefly calculated for the general Run of Knights, Squires, and Gentlemen both in Town and Country, I shall therefore apply to you Mrs. Cook as a Woman." Swift's "Mrs. Cook as a Woman" seems a pallid abstraction that should be personalized by recalling Pepys's Susan, "a pretty willing wench, but no good cook." William Verral in the 1759 *Art of Cookery* makes it clear that even the woman cook regularly employed in an establishment could expect to be displaced on gala occasions. The higher cookery has been reserved for men only until very nearly our own times. In *His Gift* Kipling uses only the masculine gender: "A good cook is a King of men. . . . Beside being thunderin' well off if 'e don't drink. It is the only sure business in the whole round world." There is another continuing division of cooks into "plain" or "professed," the former capable of making what the Victorians called "a nice plain cake," the latter of orchestrating a dinner for fourteen or more.

Unlike most Renaissance and early modern cookbook authors, E. Smith writes for the beginner, and she is among the first to give menus for every month of the year. Recipes are grouped according to subject although not arranged alphabetically; the progression of the meal is that which we expect: soup, fish, meat, and sweet. The large sections on pudding and pastry indicate the sharp decline in the price of sugar. There is a section on the purchase of meat

and much discussion of the problem of preservation. The French influence is muted but present. While deploring popular admiration of "the French tongue and French messes," she expresses the intention "to present you now and then with such receipts as I think may not be too disagreeable for the English taste."

Between E. Smith and Hannah Glasse, the next landmark on this cook's tour, there are other writers who merit comment in passing. First perhaps is Edward Kidder, whose octavo *Receipts of Pastry and Cookery* (1740?) is curious because the man ran two cooking schools ("ladies may be taught at their own houses") and because the title page, the forty-two pages of text printed on one side only, and the eight plates are all engraved on copper. Nathaniel Bailey, author of the *Dictionarium domesticum* (1736), is also a translator of Erasmus and the author of the *Dictionarium Britannicum*, which lies at the base of Dr. Johnson's great lexicographical venture. Cookbooks and dictionaries are alike parts of the eighteenth-century urge to order and methodize. Unlike Dr. Johnson, Vincent La Chapelle dedicated his work, *Modern Cookery* (1733, 1744, 1751), to his employer, Lord Chesterfield. Carême thought La Chapelle's book the only one of his predecessors worthy of the profession. The phrase reminds one of Charles Carter, who in his *Compleat City and Country Cook* (1732, 1736) boasts that he comes of "a long line of predecessors." Others, in roughly chronological order of first publication, are *The Young Lady's Companion in Cookery and Pastry* (1734), John Middleton's *Five Hundred New Receipts* (1734), Sarah Harrison's *Housekeeper's Pocket Book* (1748, 1755), *The Lady's Companion* (1740), Eliza Haywood's *A Present for a Serving Maid or, The Sure Means of Gaining Love and Esteem* (1743, 1771), calculated to make both mistress and maid happy, and the even more prettily named *Adam's Luxury and Eve's Cookery* (1744), which is devoted to the kitchen garden and "the cheap, healthy, and palatable dishes it can yield."

E. Smith and the others are only Prufrocks, attendant lords meant to "start a scene or two," immediately to be overshadowed by the classic eighteenth-century English cookbook, Hannah Glasse's *Art of Cookery*. For Hannah Glasse we can do no better than to quote Mrs. Pennell's pithy summation: "Her fame is due not to her genius, for she really had none, but to the fact

that her own generation believed that there was 'no such a person,' and after generations believed in her as the author of a phrase she never wrote." It is curious that "first catch your hare" should still be credited to Hannah Glasse. Readers of Boswell know the dinner table conversation about the authorship of the *Art of Cookery* that occasioned one of Dr. Johnson's all too quotable pronouncements: "Women can spin very well, but they cannot make a good book of cookery." Johnson's attribution of authorship to the physician Sir John Hill has proved as poorly founded as Johnson's observation on women cookbook authors. To be consistent, he should also have denied to Hannah Glasse the authorship of her *Compleat Confectioner* (1770, 1772, 1800) and *The Servants Directory* (1760).

But this conversation would never have taken place if *The Art of Cookery* by "A Lady" had not already caught public attention. Was it because the book had appeared in a thin folio, instead of the customary quarto, so that the wits could talk of a "pot folio"? Was it because, as Hannah Glasse says, it was "not wrote in the high polite style"? Or because of the author's designation on the title page as "A Lady" and the English love of a peer? Anne Cook, whose "Essay on the Lady's Art of Cookery," included in her *Professed Cookery* (1755), is an explosion of invective, thought so: "Look at the Lady on the Title Page/How fast it sells the book and gulls the age."

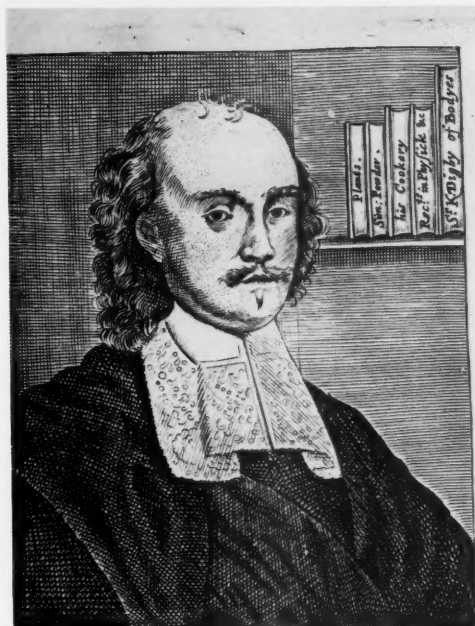
Mrs. Glasse said that she wrote the *Art of Cookery* to warn that "if gentlemen will have French cooks, they must pay for French tricks." She breaks off a recipe for the French way of dressing partridges to interject: "I think it all an odd jumble of trash." However, she does give some of her recipes "French names to distinguish them, because they are known by these names." This true-born Englishwoman's aversion to all things Gallic in the kitchen might be explained by the competition given her book by La Chapelle's *Modern Cookery*. Her particular grievance is coulis, the basic stock of eighteenth-century French cuisine—Patrick Lamb has fifteen recipes for coulis—in whose making she would replace the whole veal and whole ham by a pound of veal and half a pound of bacon. Voltaire's jibe that the English have sixty religions and only one sauce is only too familiar. It ought to be pointed out therefore that Hannah

Glasse gives more than thirty recipes for sauces and mentions a sauce boat as well.

The Bitting Collection has Hannah Glasse's second edition (1747), the third edition (1748), the London editions of 1771, 1778, 1843, and the Alexandria, Virginia, editions of 1805 and 1812. The Pennell Collection holds the London editions of 1751, 1763, 1765, 1774, and 1786, the last being the product of a combine of twenty-six publishers. Glasse's popularity is difficult to explain because her book is precisely like so many other books that came before or would come after. Her debts are quickly detected; for example, the chapter on creams comes out of the first edition of Smith's *Complete Housewife*. Like Smith, she writes for beginners; like Smith again, Glasse accepts vegetables and warns against overcooking. Her book is medieval in its recipes for larks and a series of dishes in which one meat is made to look like another; it is modern in its recipes for rice pudding and ice cream.

Calling it ugly for one Englishwoman's table to look exactly like every other Englishwoman's table, she gives no diagrams of table settings. She does provide the innovations of a chapter listing in the first part of the book, an index at the end, and a chapter written for ships' captains. Richard Briggs, cook at the White Hart Inn, was also interested in seafaring men and in the *English Art of Cookery* (1794, 1798) gives recipes like Glasse's "fish sauce to last a year" and "catsup to last twenty years." Glasse and Briggs are writing for the Englishmen who went down to the sea in ships to build an empire and then to beat off Napoleon.

We have noted—in order to dismiss—Dr. Johnson's opinion that Sir John Hill wrote *The Art of Cookery*. A presentation inscription in the Bitting copy of the *British Jewel* (1769, 1776), a copy that is unique in this country, further confounds the confusion by charging that the *Art of Cookery* was copied from this little book and that the copier was Sir John Hill. Mrs. Bitting points out that this duodecimo and the folio and quartos in which Hannah Glasse appears have only three recipes in common. David Garrick's verse: "For Physics and Farces his equal there scarce is; His Farces are Physic, his Physic a Farce is," as unjust as it is witty, calumniates the Sir John Hill who prepared the twenty-six folio volumes of *The Vegetable System*



The truly Learned and Honorable
 S^r. Kenelm Digby K^t. Chancellor
 to the Q^{ueen}. Mother
 Aged 62.
 Grossefulpit

Choice and Experimented
RECEIPTS

IN
Physick and Chirurgery,
 AS ALSO

Cordial and Distilled
 Waters and Spirits, Perfumes,
 and other Curiosities.

Collected by the Honourable
 and truly Learned

Sir **KENELM DIGBY** K^t.
 Chancellour to her Majesty the
 QUEEN MOTHER.

Translated out of several Languages
 by G. H.

London, Printed for the Author, and are to
 be sold by H. Brome at the Star in
 Little-Britain, 1668.

Kenelm Digby was succinctly characterized as "one of the few soules that understand themselves" by his contemporary David Lloyd (*Memoirs of the Lives . . . of Those that Suffered*, London, 1688). Lloyd continued: "the rest learn from this epitaph":

Under this tombe the Matchless DIGBY lyes,
 DIGBY the Great, the Valiant and the Wise
 This Age's Wonder for his Noble Parts
 Skilled in six Tongues, and learned in all the Arts.

and introduced the Linnean classification into England in his *British Herbal*.

What Macaulay said about Boswell as biographer holds true for Hannah Glasse as cookbook author of the eighteenth century: She is first and the rest are nowhere. But the rest are a very respectable and numerous lot indeed. A new reading public that had been created by the expansion of literacy bought cookbooks because of the increase in leisure, which eighteenth-century moralists called "idleness," and the call for "self-help," for while that phrase appears only in the next century, surely the doctrine is implicit in the social teachings of contemporaries like John Wesley. Other factors were the stability of food prices almost until the end of the century and the freeing of book publishing from the licensing acts. As the literature of the kitchen expands into and over the horizon, our task will become limited to pointing out the best-sellers found in the Bitting Collection. It is still possible at this point to trace further some of the routes of development that we have only reconnoitered. Before reverting to the chronological line, these notes will attempt photos of a relatively high degree of resolution of the cook/home doctor book, the confectionery book, the housekeeper book, and the Scottish cookbook.

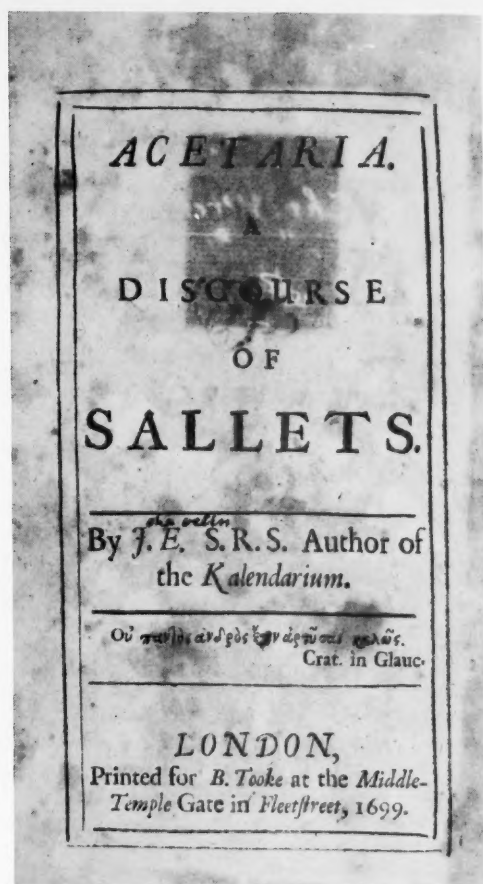
The lady of the house as a doctor, or woman as ministering angel, is a persona to be found in the literature until well into the nineteenth century. E. Smith dedicates her 200 medical recipes ("never before been printed") to the generous, charitable ladies who wish to help their poor neighbors, and Mary Kettlby apostrophizes: "O Heavenly Charity, how often have I seen thee employ the Rich in Waiting upon the Poor!" Mary Kettlby also feels it necessary to assure the professionals that they are not hurt by the housekeeper-medicos, because the patients treated are neither in the range of the doctors' visits "nor in a capacity of gratifying their trouble." The author of the *Family Magazine* (1750) thinks her cures unimpeachable because copied from the commonplace book of a doctor.

Hannah Glass said, "I shall not take it upon me to meddle in the physical way further than two receipts," the two being the classics of the genre: Dr. Meade's cure for the bite of a mad dog and the "four thieves" plague preventer. Mrs. Pennell's favorite in this literature was Elizabeth Price's *New Book of Cookery* (1782) for its cure for a malady too familiar to us all: "For the lethar-

gy," says Mrs. Price, "you may sniff strong vinegar up the nose." The cook/home doctor books continue on even after the appearance of the very popular medical guides like Dr. William Buchan's *Domestic Medicine* in the next century. The poet Felicia Hemans in her *Female Instructor* (1835) offered "moral and religious essays, interesting tales, and memorials of illustrious women." But feeling all this not enough for the instruction of females, she hastens to conclude: "to which are subjoined, medical receipts." The great Victorian household book, Mrs. Beeton's, contains sections on home medicine and common diseases written by "an experienced surgeon" whose style happens to coincide exactly with the style of that extraordinary layperson Mrs. Beeton.

In France, the special nature of pastry and confectionery making had been recognized when La Varenne followed his *Cuisinier françois* with the *Patissier françoise*. The secession of English confectionery from cookery and its demand for its own literature are manifest in the *Receipts* (1718) of Mrs. Mary Eales, "Confectioner to her Late Majesty Queen Anne," a copy of which in the 1742 edition was included in Thomas Jefferson's 1815 library. Eales makes extensive use of imported ingredients, including "Seville" and "China" oranges. The recipe in Hannah Glasse's *Compleat Confectioner* (1772, 1800) calling for milking the cow directly into the "everlasting syllabub" reveals the unchanging way of life of the English countryside. After Glasse come *The Court and Country Confectioner* (1770) of Borella, confectioner to the Spanish Ambassador, Robert Abbot's *Housekeeper's Valuable Present* (179?), and Frederick Nutt's *Compleat Confectioner* (1790, 1807, 1815). In the next century two great generalist cooks, Francatelli and Mrs. A. B. Marshall, like La Varenne, also successfully tapped the confectionery book market. The specialists include William Jarrin, to whose *Italian Confectioner* (1820, 1827, 1844) William Kitchiner referred his readers, William Jeanes (*Gunter's Modern Confectioner*, 1875), and Edward Mackenzie (1833) and W. Stavley (1829), who use the same title: *The New Whole Art of Confectionery*.

The title pages of the housekeeping books often accompany the author's name with a statement of her years of experience and sometimes even with the names of her employers. So we learn that the author of *Family Friend* (1802),



At the end of this copy of John Evelyn's *Acetaria* are thirteen lines in Evelyn's hand on the cooking of carrots and cucumbers. Mrs. Pennell made this purchase at the 1913 sale of the library of the great Shakespearean scholar Edward Dowden of Trinity College, Dublin. It had once been part of the extraordinary collection of Richard Heber. Godfather to Sir Christopher Wren's son, Evelyn worked with him on founding the Greenwich Hospital and rebuilding London. After having had dinner with Sir Christopher and Samuel Pepys, Evelyn called them in his diary "two extraordinarily ingenious and knowing persons." Evelyn's initials are intertwined underneath the inscription to Sir Christopher.

S.
Chr: Wren
S.

Priscilla Haslehurst, was "for twelve years housekeeper in the families of W. Bethel and others of the greatest respectability." She is topped by Charlotte Mason of the *Lady's Assistant* (177?), "a professional housekeeper, with upwards of thirty years experience in families of the first order." Mary Smith of *The Complete Housekeeper, and Professed Cook* (1786), "late" housekeeper to Sir Walter Blackett, Lord Anson, and Sir Thomas Sebright, seems to have had no feeling for orthography. One identifies easily enough her "soup a la rain," and "roe boat sauce," but only after noting that the recipe begins "take eight eggs" will her "Hamlet" be understood. The families cited seem not to have been displeased by the appearance of their names on the title pages. Mrs. Pennell owned a copy of *The New Experienced English Housekeeper* of Sarah Martin, "many years housekeeper to Freeman Bower Esq. of Bawtrey," which belonged to Bower and had been annotated by him. The Bitting copy of this work (1795) has been rebound by some diligent housekeeper to incorporate about 300 pages of manuscript recipes and household notes. If this is included, the Bitting Collection totals twenty-nine manuscript cookbooks, which belong to the English eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, as do five of the six in the Pennell Collection. The exception there is in German and is dated 1716.

Whom were the books written for? Apparently for the lady of the house first and then for her servant. When Hannah Glasse explains that her book is "not wrote in the high polite style" for her "intention is to instruct the lower sort" and Mrs. Raffald says that her book is "wrote in my own plain language . . . so as to be understood by the weakest capacity," they are talking to the lady or the housekeeper about the ultimate user, the servant. The situation is clear from Cre-Fydd's *Family Fare* (1866), which poses the rhetorical question: "Ask any young housewife in moderate circumstances whether, when she has put the newly-purchased cookery book into the hands of her cook, she has not been ultimately disappointed." It is a tenable generalization that no middle-class English lady regularly did the cooking. Dora receives David Copperfield's suggestions that she study housekeeping "with something that was half a sob and half a sigh" and ended in what was wholly hysterics. Mrs. Bennet in *Pride and Prejudice* wanted her daughters married, but not domestic in any housekeeping

sense. Let Charlotte Lucas make mince pies, but "for my part, Mr. Bennet," said his good lady, "I always keep servants that can do their own work."

To find an ethnic cuisine in the "right little, tight little island," like Dr. Johnson and Smollet we take the road north out of London. The cuisine of Edinburgh, rooted historically in the Auld Alliance with France, was at its apogee in the "Scottish Enlightenment" of David Hume, Adam Smith, Dugald Stewart, and Sir Walter Scott. Hume in retirement boasted of his talent for cooking, "the science to which I intend to devote the rest of my life." In his *Philosophical Essays* Dugald Stewart, friend and correspondent of Jefferson, draws an analogy between cookery, poetry, and the fine arts, for they all concern what is understood by "sweet" and "bitter," effects that are essential to the composition beauty which is the final artistic creation. The recipes with which the philosophers stuffed their *escritoirs* would have come from Scottish cookbooks like Elizabeth Cleland's *A new Easy Method of Cookery* (1770), Hannah Robertson's *The Young Ladies School of Arts* (1767), Susannah Maciver's *Cookery, and Pastry* (1784, 1805), Mrs. Frazer's *The Practice of Cookery, Pastry, Pickling, and Preserving* (1800, 1804), and John Ciard's *The Complete Confectioner and Family Cook* (1809). These books are the necessary gloss for *Noctes Ambrosianae*, the memorial to Scottish conviviality and talk of "Christopher North" (John Wilson of Blackwood's).

The greatest of Scottish cookbooks was published when Sir Walter Scott ruled the literary world and indeed is so closely associated with him that he is rumored to have had a hand in its writing. The book is the *Cook and Housewife's Manual* (1837). The title page gives the author as "Meg Dods," whom novel readers will recognize as the landlady of St. Cleikum's Inn in Scott's novel *St. Ronan's Well*. Isobel Johnstone ("Meg Dods") was editor and publisher of the *Edinburgh Weekly Chronicle* and a woman admired by De Quincey. "Meg Dods" is still to be consulted for the traditional Scottish dishes: haggis (Burns's "great chieftain o' the pudding race"), cockaleekie, oatcakes, and particularly the dried and salted fish of the breakfast table; for, as Dr. Folliott says in Peacock's *Crotchet Castle*, Scotland is "preeminent in the glory of fish for breakfast." The cookbook proper is preceded by the "Annals of the Cleikum Club,"

which narrates how Peregrine Touchwood, Esq., sought to avoid ennui by studying the culinary mysteries. Included is the syllabus of a course of lectures on cookery whose theme is announced as "Man is a cooking animal."

Of the men professionals of the post-Glasse period, John Farley, "principal cook of the London Tavern," is selected for mention because Elizabeth David particularly commends his *London Art of Cookery* (1804) for its potted meats, John Mollard of the same tavern because his *Art of Cookery* (1808) makes the art "easy and refined," and Collingwood and Woolams, "principal cooks at the Crown and Anchor Tavern," because their *Universal Cook* (1801) is one of the few English cookbooks ever translated into French (1810). Not a cookbook but a guide to dining room etiquette is *The Honours of the Table* (1791) of John Trusler, priest turned doctor, noteworthy for instructions like "As eating a great deal is deemed indelicate for a lady (for her character should be divine rather than sensual) it will be ill mannered to help her to a large slice of meat at once, or fill her plate too full."

William Verrall of the White Hart in Sussex interests as an English tavernkeeper who had been apprenticed to a French cook. Verrall's master was Monsieur St. Cloud, cook for the Duke of Newcastle and later for "Marshal Richelieu." Verrall gives as "the chief end and design" of one part of his *A Complete System of Cookery* (1759) "the whole and simple art of the most modern and best French cookery." Elsewhere he lays down the maxim: "*Point de légumes, point de cuisinier*. No good garden things, no French cook." One wonders what had happened to the English garden since Markham. A copy of Verrall annotated by Thomas Gray is preserved in the Egerton Mss. of the British Library. Gray filled up the front and back pages with additional recipes, some of them taken from Isaac Walton. In the *Compleat Angler* Walton introduced a recipe in this way: "This dish of meat is too good for any but anglers, or very honest men, and I trust you will prove both, and therefore I have trusted you with this secret." Walton, we can be sure, would have granted Gray his choice of recipes.

While the men cookbook authors competed fairly equally, Elizabeth Raffald far outpaced in sales and editions the other women writers like Elizabeth Moxon (1775, 1776, 1777, 1789), Ann Shackleford (176?), or Elizabeth Price (176?).



/// THE
W H O L E D U T Y
 OF A
W O M A N :
 OR, A
Guide to the FEMALE SEX.

- From the AGE of Sixteen, to Sixty, &c
 Being Directions, How Women of all Qualities and Conditions, ought to Behave themselves in the various Circumstances of this LIFE, for their obtaining not only Present, but Future Happiness.
- I Directions how to obtain the Divine and Moral VERTUES of Piety, Meekness, Modesty, Chastity, Humility, Compassion, Temperance, and Affability, with their Advantages; and how to avoid the opposite VICES.
- II. The Duty of VIRGINS, directing them what they ought to do, and what to avoid, for gaining all the Accomplishments required in that State. With the whole ART of LOVE.
- III. The Whole Duty of a WIFE.
- IV. The Whole Duty of a WIDOW, &c.
 Also Choice Receipts in Physick and Chirurgery : With the whole ART of Cookery, Preserving, Candyng, Beautifying, &c.

Written by a LADY.

THE EIGHTH EDITION.

LONDON: Printed for A. Bettesworth and C. Hitch, at the Red-Lyon in Pater-Noster-Row; R. Ware, at the Sun and Bible, in Amen Corner; and James Hodges, at the Looking-Glass on London Bridge 1735.

The physical conditions of housekeeping explain the significance of the guides to morality for women outlined on this title page. In an essay entitled "The Woman's Burden" J. H. Plumb says, "kitchens were active all the year around to a degree which would daunt and depress even the most dedicated housewife today. Wives and daughters made everything, the processes were slow, the labour, even with the help of servants, backbreaking. . . . Except in the highest ranks of the aristocracy, the women worked, perhaps slaved would be a better word, in their houses. This, as much as childbirth, led to the subjection of women."



THE
Country Housewife
 AND
LADY'S DIRECTOR,
 IN THE
 Management of a HOUSE, and the
 Delights and Profits of a FARM.

CONTAINING
 INSTRUCTIONS for managing the Brew-
 House, and Malt-Liquors in the Cellar; the
 making of Wines of all sorts.

DIRECTIONS for the DAIRY, in the Improvement
 of Butter and Cheese upon the worst of Soils;
 the feeding and making of Brawn; the ordering
 of Fish, Fowl, Herbs, Roots, and all other use-
 ful Branches belonging to a Country-Seat, in the
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PRACTICAL OBSERVATIONS concerning DISTILLING;
 with the best Method of making Ketchup, and many
 other curious and durable Sauces.

The whole distributed in their proper MONTHS, from the
 Beginning to the End of the Year.

With particular REMARKS relating to the Drying or Kilning of
 SAFFRON.

By R. BRADLEY,
 Professor of Botany in the University of Cambridge,
 and F. R. S.

The Sixth Edition.
 With ADDITIONS.

LONDON:

Printed for D. BROWNE, at the Black-Swan without Temple-Bar.

MDCCXXXVI.

[Price 2s. 6d.]

Richard Bradley's *Country Housewife and Lady's Director* (1736) is an excellent example of the English country housewife book, a split-off from the Latin "whole house" book described in the first installment of this article. Other works of this genre whose intention is "to teach the farmer's wife / With satisfaction how to live / The happy country life" include *The Farmer's Wife or the Complete Country Housewife* (1780). Bradley was the first professor of botany at Cambridge and very probably the first academic luminary to prepare a cook-book. His may also be the first English recipes for pineapples and turtle soup.

Elizabeth Raffald dedicated her *The Experienced English Housekeeper, for the Use and Ease of Ladies, Cooks &c* (1771, 1775) to Lady Elizabeth Warburton of Arley Hall, Cheshire, whose employ she had left for marriage and Manchester. In the following eighteen years, Mrs. Raffald had sixteen daughters. In addition to this active maternity business, Mrs. Raffald ran a confectionery shop, managed several inns, conducted a school of cookery for young ladies and a registry office for servants, compiled several Manchester city directories, and wrote for the newspapers. *The Experienced English Housekeeper* is intended for gentry like Lady Warburton. Mrs. Raffald's aims are to "please both the eye and the palate" and to join "economy with neatness and elegance"; her recipes are "wrote purely from practice." She gives no medical recipes, no instruction for servants, and very little on laying the table, while emphasizing confectionery, candied fruits, and jellies. One notes in turning pages an illustration of a "New Closed Stove with Fire Ports Burning Coal" instead of charcoal or wood. There were thirteen genuine editions of *The Experienced English Housekeeper* from 1769 to 1806 and almost twice that number of spurious and pirated editions in the same period.

This review of the eighteenth century in the Bitting and Pennell Collections will close with a look at the century's little literature of gastronomy, that which treats not so much the art or science of cookery as the art of dining. The best representative of English neoclassical culinary aesthetics—that is, of the table qua table and not as an extension of the kitchen stove—is William King. Students of the main-traveled road of English literature encounter him as one of the subjects of Dr. Johnson's *Lives of the Poets*. His *Art of Cookery, In Imitation of Horace's Art of Poetry, With Some Letters to Dr. Lister . . .* (1709) was on publication ascribed to the author of *A Tale of a Tub*. The object of King's satire, Apicius Coelius's *De opsoniis et condimentis; Libri decem* (1709) of Martin Lister, doctor to good but gouty Queen Anne, seems now a conventional enough piece of scholarship which should be remembered by Americans as one of the two cookbooks in the library of Thomas Jefferson purchased in 1815 by the Congress. Jefferson's copy also belonged to the 1709 edition; this and the 1705 edition were published in only 100 copies. The association with Swift is not entirely

absurd; King's derision of Lister's scholarship as misplaced originates in the same fear of the extravagances of the intellect in which Swift jeers at the manufacturers of sunbeams in *Gulliver's Travels*.

King's *Art of Cookery* lives on, while his *Art of Love* is no longer read. But his *Art of Making Puddings* is also forgotten, so that it is not possible to generalize on the relative interest of his subjects. Another writer of the time on puddings was Henry Carey, the musician, the author of the beloved "Sally in our Alley." In the Bitting copy his *A Learned Dissertation on Dumpling . . . With a Word Upon Pudding* (1726) is accompanied by his *Namby Pamby, a Panegyric on the New Versification*, which gave Ambrose Phillips the name "Namby Pamby" by which Pope dissected him in the *Dunciad*. Another Phillips in the period is John Phillips, too often designated only as the nephew of Milton, though his *Cider* (1717) is one of the best of the series of 18th-century didactic poems. The last of the poets of the time in the Bitting Collection is probably the least. Dr. John Armstrong in his *Art of Preserving Health* (1744), important perhaps as an experiment in blank verse, is capable of describing egg haters as those "who the generous nutriment detest/Which in the shell the sleeping Embryo rears."

It is necessary now to recognize chronology and confront the nineteenth century. Throughout the English war against revolutionary France and Napoleon, the hegemony of French cuisine in the English kitchen had never been questioned. The Royal Court was more interested in drink than food: Beau Brummel, the tone giver, recalled "once having eaten a pea." As for the country gentry, Janeites know that after Mrs. Bennet's great dinner she boasted: "Even Mr. Darcy acknowledges that the partridges were well done, and I suppose that he has two or three French cooks at least." The important infusions of French cuisine in this period came from Clermont and Ude. Clermont described his *Professed Cook* (1812) as based on Menon's French cookbook but modified by what he had learned from English food tradesmen. The Bitting copy belongs to the tenth edition. Louis Ude, once chef to Napoleon's mother and to his uncle, left France because of differences of opinion on the arithmetic of his

bills. His English fame was made at Crockford's gambling house, where he served supper from midnight to five in the morning during parliamentary sessions while the members thronged the hazard tables. Lord Bosswawl in Peacock's *Crotchet Castle* would have his cook read only Ude. Ude's kind of cuisine is revealed in his characterization of a recipe as being "so simple a woman could do it." The Bitting Collection has the first edition of Ude's *French Cook* (1813); the Bitting 1841 copy belongs to the fourteenth edition.

One of the financial cornerstones of the great publishing house of John Murray was Maria Eliza Rundell's *A New System of Domestic Cookery*, the first fully developed household encyclopedia and cookbook. Lord Byron wrote John Murray: "Along thy sprucest bookshelves shine / The works thou deemest most divine / The Art of Cookery and mine, My Murray." Most editions after the first seem to have been printed simultaneously in the United States and England. The seventieth edition was reached in 1846. Our collections include editions of London (1810, 1822, 1838), New York (1814, 1815), Philadelphia (1810), and Boston (1807), as well as the Baltimore edition (1819) where the name has "suffered a sea change" into *American Domestic Cookery*. The distinctive note is struck by the very first section: "Miscellaneous Observations for the Use of the Mistress of a Family." Clearly Mrs. Rundell sees her reader as a young woman who has recently taken on the duties of domesticity and must be taught the routines of management. Mrs. Rundell is traditional in her remarks on carving and on cooking for the sick but modern in grouping together each kind of dish. Part 5, that on sauces, is larger than similar sections in her predecessors. Hannah Glasse has a section on foods to take on the journey to India, Mrs. Rundell a section on mulligatawny, curries, etc., that is, the foods that the "nabobs" brought back. There are twelve recipes for potatoes; writing eighty years earlier, E. Smith had ignored the potato.

William Kitchiner lists the 250 cookbooks he had plowed through before he began to write his own and dismisses them all as olla podridas of confused, indigestible scraps. His own *Cook's Oracle* (1818, 1822, 1823, 1829, 1830, 1833) might be added to the list as the 251st for its bombast and self-importance. In his long introduction, Kitchiner declares that his recipes were

"accumulated by a perseverance, not to be subdued or evaporated by the igniferous Terrors of a Roasting Fire in the Dog-days—in defiance of the odoriferous and calefaceous repellents of Roasting, Boiling, Frying, and Broiling." As W. Carew Hazlitt remarked, two editions of Kitchiner sold out before the critics had recovered breath enough to voice their indignation. Kitchiner presents 574 recipes, "all eaten with unanimous applause by a committee of taste, composed of some of the most illustrious gastrophilists of this luxurious metropolis." (All? Even recipes like number 547, "Toothache and Anti-Rheumatic Embrocation?") The name given this committee of taste was Eta Beta Pi; tardy members were refused admission and admonished: "Better never than late."

Kitchiner urges economy by purchasing seasonally and gives marketing tables at the end of the book. As a doctor his real interest is not so much in recipes as the maintenance of health in general. His is the reigning English Regency cookbook (there were eleven editions by 1840) and a *Shilling Kitchiner*, not in our collections, appeared as late as 1861. He did require precise measurements of ingredients before Fanny Farmer and used some turns of phrase that Brillat-Savarin deigned to borrow. William Jeanes's judgment in his *Gunter's Modern Confectionery* (187?) can be accepted: "In Kitchiner there is a great deal to amuse, if not much to learn; a trifle can be gained, and nothing lost."

Elizabeth David describes Eliza Acton's *Modern Cookery* (1845, 1859) as "the final expression, the crystallization, of preindustrial England's taste in food and attitude to cookery. The dishes she describes and the ingredients which went into them would have been familiar to Jane Austen and Lord Byron, to Fanny Burney and Tobias Smollet." Miss Acton was forty-six when Longmans told her that there was no market for poetry by maiden ladies and that she should write a good sensible cookery book. Compelled to renounce bad verse for good cookery, she revenged herself by contrasting "poor author's pudding" and "publisher's pudding," which, she says, "can scarcely be made too rich." The book was an instant success: there were three editions in the first year, two more in the second, and Longmans let the copyright lapse only in 1918. The Bitting 1845 edition, an American version based on the second London edition, was

Bubble and Squeak, or fried Beef and Cabbage.—(No. 505.)

"When 'midst the frying Pan, in accents savage,
The Beef, so surly, quarrels with the Cabbage."

The musical score is written for four staves. The first two staves are in D minor, and the last two are in C major. The melody is simple, using only eighth and quarter notes. The lyrics are written below the notes.

D b. Minor.

B E E F , C A B B A G E .

C A B B A G E , B E E F .

or C Major

This page from William Kitchiner's *The Cook's Oracle* (London, Edinburgh, etc.: Printed for A. Constable, . . . 1823) offers a recipe for "Bubble and Squeak or fried Beef and Cabbage." Kitchiner's depiction of the duet of beef and cabbage on the range inspired Tom Hood to rime:

Teach my burning soul to speak
With a bubble and a squeak.
Of Dr. Kitchiner I fain would sing
Till pots and pans and mighty kettles ring.
O culinary sage (I do not mean the herb in use
That always goes along with goose)
How have I feasted on thy page!



A
SHILLING COOKERY

FOR

THE PEOPLE:

EMBRACING

AN ENTIRELY NEW SYSTEM OF PLAIN COOKERY
AND DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

By ALEXIS SOYER,
AUTHOR OF "THE MODERN HOUSEWIFE,"
ETC. ETC.

"Religion feeds the soul, Education the mind, Food the body."
Soyer's History of Food.

One Hundred and Tenth Thousand.

LONDON:
GEO. ROUTLEDGE & CO., FARRINGTON STREET.
NEW YORK: 18, DEEKMAN STREET.
1855.

[The Author of this Work reserves the right of translating it.]

The frontispiece to *A Shilling Cookery* shows the Alexis Soyer of 1855, the Soyer who designed his own waistcoats, cravats, and hats (always worn in the manner he called "le zoug-zoug") and dazzled Victorian England with the rings on his fingers, the chains on his waistcoats, and the stick pins in his cravats. The portrait of Soyer that is the frontispiece to his *Culinary Campaign* (1857), published only two years later, shows a man very much sobered by the experience of war.

prepared by Sarah J. Hale of *Godey's Lady's Book*.

The reader for whom Miss Acton writes is not the professional cook but the lady concerned with keeping the men around her—the Victorian "lords of creation"—in good humor. She prescribes a good table, so lavish indeed that one forgets that she is writing in the period that the economic historians call the "Hungry Forties." A poignant reminder of those "old unhappy, far-off things" is the *Pennell Cheap Receipts and Hints on Cookery; Collected for Distribution Amongst the Irish Peasantry in 1847* (1847). Miss Acton seems to have been the first to separate the ingredients from the recipe and to have thought to include a small group of recipes headed "Foreign and Jewish." The first book on this kind of ethnic cookery in the Library's collections is *The Jewish Manual* (1846). Miss Acton's 1855 and subsequent editions show her awareness of the new

understanding of nutrition associated with Liebig.

Miss Acton's *English Bread-Book for Domestic Use* (1857) is more than an expansion of the chapter on bread making in her *Modern Cookery*. One of the idylls in William Cobbett's *Cottage Economy* (1833) depicts the woman of the house kneading bread dough and calls upon the onlooker to kiss the beads of perspiration away. Miss Acton, who had actually inspected the establishments of the baking industry, so far from kissing the bakers, rushed into print to urge each family to do its own baking. The tocsin for the war against adulterants had earlier been sounded by Frederick Accum in *A Treatise on Adulterations of Food, and Culinary Poisons* (1820) and *A Treatise on the Art of Making Good and Wholesome Bread* (1821). The blue-grey cover of the former carries the design of a spider in its web about to devour a fly, surrounded by a pattern of intertwined serpents with a skull and crossbones at top. Underneath is the biblical quotation (2 Kings 4:40): "There is death in the pot." Eighteenth-century precursors in this war that seems never completely won include Jasper Arnaud's *An Alarm to all Persons Touching their Health and Lives* (1740) and *Poisons Detected, or, Frightful Truths. By my Friend, a Physician* (1757).

Miss Acton's success was achieved despite the competition offered by two great cooks, Soyer and Francatelli. The latter was for a time manager of Crockford's, Ude's old post. He moved on to the Royal Household as maître d'hôtel and cook-in-ordinary to Queen Victoria, and then to the Reform Club, once Soyer's domain. His *Modern Cook* (1846, 1895) was published in 1846 by Richard Bentley, publisher-in-ordinary to the queen, and went through twenty-nine editions before 1896. Francatelli's *Cook's Guide and Butler's Assistant* and *Plain Cookery Book for the Working Classes*, not in these collections, both appeared in 1861 and his *Royal English and Foreign Confectioner* a year later (1862, 1891).

Francatelli seems to have wished to compete with Ude and Soyer for popular acclaim, but it was a competition for which his lack of the common touch disqualified him. A reviewer in the *Athenaeum* put it cogently: "M. Francatelli is throughout much astonished at his own humility in addressing people who have to dangle their meat on a string when it is to be roasted for want of a meat-jack. He is also profoundly ignorant of the manners, customs, and prejudices of the

class he addresses." Francatelli continued Carême's use of the dining table to display architectural constructions in sugar and paste which it would have been vandalism to cut. However, he did advocate the service à la russe as simpler than the prevailing service à la française and preached against the waste of food. His speciality was desserts: it is said that he taught Queen Victoria to appreciate the flavor of pistachio.

Mirobolant, the French cook in *Pendennis* who makes a dinner all in white to express his loved one's virginal soul, is not Alexis Soyer, or at most is only one aspect of him. Thackeray admired Soyer the professional—he was known to break other engagements in order to eat one of Soyer's Reform Club specialties—and his liking for the man is shown in the references to him in *Punch* and the *Book of Snobs*. Mrs. Beeton probably had Soyer in mind in her reference to "brilliant foreign writers, half philosophers, half chefs." Soyer's first major work is the *Gastronomic Regenerator* (1847), which, although priced at a guinea, sold two thousand copies within two months of its appearance and reached a fourth edition in a year. After fifty pages of general considerations, there are two sections: "Kitchen of the Wealthy" and "Kitchen at Home," with 274 recipes and an elaborate diagram of Soyer's kitchen. Soyer emphasizes substance over presentation, saying: "Although the eye must be pleased to a certain extent, my principal business is with the palate."

For the historian of British food ways, the *Modern Housewife* or *Ménagère* (1852), which translates the brilliance of the *Gastronomic Regenerator* into the world of the English housewife, is more interesting than its predecessor. The *Modern Housewife* takes the form of a series of letters from a Mrs. Baker instructing a friend in every department of cookery, including the nursery dinner, comforts for invalids, and the feeding and management of servants, guests, children, and husbands. The sequence gives a complete picture of the food habits of a middle-class English family of the time from the beginnings in a small shop to the achievement of the prosperity of the well-established merchant. The *London Times* review of the *Modern Housewife* pronounced it as "at once a grave essay in prose and a most felicitous poem; it deals with that undoubted reality, the human stomach, yet with a pen essentially romantic and imaginative. It is at once didactic and dietetic, dramatic and culi-

nary." By 1853 *The Modern Housewife or Ménagère* had sold thirty thousand copies. The edition of 1853 shows us the Bakers fallen into poverty though "quite as happy and more settled in mind than when they were better off."

A Frenchman of the generation of 1830, Soyer was spiritual brother to Delacroix and Berlioz and, like them, driven by torrential gusts of energy. When the potato famine ravaged Ireland, he set up soup kitchens in Dublin and returned to London to do the same in Spitalfields. He was an ingenious tinkerer, with more than two dozen patented gadgets for the chef and the housewife; he marketed sauces and relishes which would have made the fortune of a more commercially minded man. Thackeray laughed that the best-loved man in England was a Frenchman, for whose name and good things were in as many people's mouths as Soyer's? When the management of the Crystal Palace Exhibition of 1851 gave Schweppes the inside food concession, Soyer took over Gore House on the outside where Albert Hall now stands. Rebuilding it as the "Gastronomic Symposium of all Nations," a complex of restaurants, he expressed uninhibitedly the execrable taste he had everywhere outside the kitchen. Punch wrote:

*But now Gore House hath been by thee
So glaringly defaced,
However good thy palate be,
We must dispute thy taste.*

For the *Pantropheon, a History of Food and its Preparation* (1853) Soyer wrote 450 pages of text supported by over 30 pages of references in small print. This scholarly work by the formally uneducated Soyer "surprizes by himself," as Dickens' Count Smalltork puts it so well, the history of everything in cookery. In the next year Soyer brought the *Gastronomic Regenerator* down to the lower middle-class. His *A Shilling Cookery for the People* (1855) sold 10,000 copies on the day of issue and reached 60,000 by the sixth week and 260,000 copies by 1857. In 1855 Soyer found the cause to which he could give himself and went off to the Crimean War to do for the food of the armies there what Florence Nightingale did for their nursing. His account of the war is the *Culinary Campaign* (1857). The time remaining before his death Soyer devoted to the problems of military feeding, leaving unfinished a projected *Culinary Wonders of all Nations*. For

the English nineteenth century, Soyer was the cook, a distinction attested by his admission to that national Valhalla, the *Dictionary of National Biography*.

Mrs. Beeton's *Book of Household Management!* This good book, with its Miltonic epigraph, "Nothing lovelier can be found in woman than to study household good," is as integral a part of the Victorian era as Prince Albert, crinolines, or piano legs in bloomers. Its history can be summarized briefly. In editing her husband's journal, *The Englishwoman's Domestic Magazine*, Isabella Beeton called on her readers to supply recipes for inclusion in a new book. From November 1859 to October 1861 *The Book of Household Management* appeared in monthly parts in this magazine. The Bitting copy of the first edition (1861) is made up of 1,172 pages of small and closely spaced print, 500 wood engravings, and fifty colored plates which may be the first of their kind in a cookbook. The middle-class woman working her way up the Victorian social ladder had found her mentor, for unlike Soyer and Acton, Mrs. Beeton dealt with household management and the personal life of the lady. In 1863 the recipes and other parts relating to the kitchen were published separately, with some alterations and additions, as the *Englishwoman's Cookbook*. After Isabella's death, the financially inept Sam Beeton transferred the copyright to Ward, Lock, and Tyler. Their editions retained Mrs. Beeton's name but were edited by the German-Swiss C. Herman Senn, who added Edwardian richness and lost Mrs. Beeton's English housewife's touch.

It is characteristic of Mrs. Beeton that while she emphasizes that Victorian status symbol the joint, she also provides ninety-five recipes in the

This is possibly the first appearance of chromolithograph work in England and certainly its first appearance in a cookbook. The title page design shows fruit, corn, and livestock surrounding a plaque bearing the hand-lettered title in green and red. Another twelve plates, amusing and sometimes elegant, scattered throughout the recipes, show a silver tureen of scalloped oysters, a crenelated Christmas pudding, a ring of apples in custard, and a game pie with the feet protruding through the crust. The colors are still bright and clear in the Bitting copy. Every ingredient and much of the equipment are illustrated, so that a wood or steel engraving will be found on almost every page.



section called "Cold Meat Cookery" for having the joint reappear in forms not too much resembling the original. One of her tricks here is to work with two joints, say lamb and pork, at the same time. Mrs. Beeton is the first to give the months when the dish is seasonal, the cooking time, the number of people served, and the average cost per person, so that the Victorian housewife might know, for example, that her "Useful Soup for Benevolent Purposes" would require six and a half hours and cost one and a half pence per cup. Mrs. Beeton did not say "take a dozen eggs," but she did say "clean as you go, for muddle makes more muddle" and "a place for everything and everything in its place." She also said "dine we must, and we may as well dine elegantly as well as wholesomely," and for this much can be forgiven her. *The Book of Household Management* is, as it sets out to be, "practical, reliable, and economical," the values of the middle-class ladies for whom it was written. Mrs. Beeton in the kitchen expresses Victorian England, the society of appearance and convention but also of vitality and enterprise, as eloquently as the middle-class woman on the throne.

Although no English cookbook has ever exercised a comparable influence, there were numerous other such works in the halcyon days of Queen Victoria. The later Victorian manuals on how to be middle class occasionally show an uneasy awareness of cracks in the seemingly monolithic social structure. May Hooper's preface to her *Little Dinners* (1894) warns: "It cannot be too strongly urged upon the ladies of the middle classes, that there never was a time when it was so necessary for girls to be instructed in every branch of domestic economy. We cannot misread the signs of the times, or doubt that, unless the men of the next generation can find useful wives, matrimony will become a greater difficulty for them than it is now." One of the signs of the times was a new restraint in the display of conspicuous consumption, for Samuel Hobbs's *Kitchen Oracle* (1887) marvels: "Such a wonderful change has taken place that half the dishes described by Soyer, Ude, and Francatelli are now scarcely heard of or seen."

While Mrs. Beeton remained a fixed star, the cookbooks first of the publishing house of Cassell, then of C. Herman Senn (editor, *Food and Cookery*, and chef, National Training School), and somewhat later of the cooking

school teachers like the Mesdames Fairclough, Marshall, and Whitting waxed and waned in popularity. In the flash Edwardian epilogue to Victorianism, traditional England so changed that the period must be called a transitional one (though recognizing that the historians will demur that every period is transitional). Its study would take us beyond the range of these collections and the space allotted these notes. There was, for one example, a change in the locales of hospitality. Mrs. Beeton took it for granted that people invited each other to their houses for dinner. The man-in-the-city dined at a chophouse, the man-about-town at his club, and ladies were never seen eating in public. But after 1870 a wave of immigrants from the Continent served *haute cuisine* in restaurants like Gatti's and Romano's, where Frank Harris ruled the walk. Col. Newnham-Davis ("The Dwarf of Blood"), writing for the *Pall Mall Gazette*, Mrs. Pennell's employer, begins a new branch of the little literature of gastronomy. He is the first man-about-restaurants reporting to the people who regularly dine out. For those who felt restaurants still not quite the thing, there were the hotels—not so much Rosa Lewis at the Cavendish remembered in Evelyn Waugh's *Vile Bodies*, as Escoffier at the Carlton and the Savoy. The great Escoffier is an international figure, but his work was done in London.

Another fundamental change has taken place in gastronomy as a result of a wholesale recasting of class relationships. In "Mr. Bennet and Mrs. Brown," Virginia Woolf dates this shift in social values as happening in or about December 1910. She thinks it demonstrated in literature by Samuel Butler and George Bernard Shaw; in life, "in the character of one's cook. The Victorian cook lived like a leviathan in the lower depths, formidable, silent, obscure, inscrutable; the Georgian cook is a creature of sunshine and fresh air; in and out of the drawing-room, now to borrow the *Daily Herald*, now to ask advice about a hat." Two world wars have continued this transformation. When servants were the merit badges of the Victorian middle class, domestic service was, after agriculture, the largest area of employment. Now the English cook has gone—not out to buy a hat but away. In *Mrs. Dalloway* Virginia Woolf points to the social fiction that the luncheon served that hot day in June 1923 had not been paid for, needed not be paid for. A like fiction today is that the hands that prepared the

CULINA
FAMULATRIX MEDICINÆ:
 OR,
RECEIPTS IN MODERN COOKERY;
 WITH
A MEDICAL COMMENTARY,
 WRITTEN BY
IGNOTUS,
 AND REVISED BY
A. HUNTER, M.D. F.R.S. L. & E.

Qui Stomachum regem totius corporis esse contendunt, vera
 nili ratione videntur, SERENUS SAMMONICUS.

1817 Ed. 1834
 THE SECOND EDITION.

YORK:
 Printed by T. Wilson and R. Spence, High-Ousegate;
 For J. MAWMAN, in the Poultry, London, and for
 WILSON and SPENCE, York;
 Sold also by J. WHITE, Fleet-street, and J. HARDING, St. James's
 Street, London; A. CONSTABLE and Co. Edinburgh;
 and by J. TODD, SOTHERAN and SON, and
 J. WOLSTENHOLME, York.
 1805.

In the editions after the first of *Culina famulatrix medicinae*, "Ignotus" is revealed as Dr. Alexander Hunter, founder of the York Dispensary and the York Mental Hospital. The book's dedication is "To those Gentlemen who freely give two Guineas for a Turtle Dinner at the Tavern, when they might have a more wholesome one at Home for ten Shillings." However, the preface says that Hunter's intention is to inform the doctors as to what it is that their rich patients have been overeating so that they can better cope with the "occupational disease" of the wealthy. Dr. Franklin's dialogue with the gout is reprinted in the text.

food and set the table are those of someone other than the lady of the house.

The little literature of gastronomy of the early English nineteenth century can be given the same kind of summary review as that for the eighteenth-century product, with which it suffers in comparison. Without Grimod de la Reynière and Brillat-Savarin this literature might have been written but certainly not in the same way. The century begins well with the *Culina famulatrix medicinae* (1805) of "Ignotus." The *Tabella cibaria* (1820) of the emigré Abbé Denis Macquin is a remarkable jeu d'esprit in a Latin verse possible only for someone scholarly enough to have been a professor of classics and witty enough to be an intimate of William Beckford, author of *Vathek*. Launcelot Sturgeon's *Essays Moral, Philosophical and Stomachical* (1822) is memorable for what may be the first appearance of "Turkey boil'd is turkey spoil'd / And turkey roast is turkey lost / But for turkey braised / The Lord be praised." But then come the epigoni of the French Masters, for example, William Green's *Art of Living in London* (1827), Sydney Whiting's *Memoirs of a Stomach* (1855), and the anonymous *Gastronomy, or, The School for Good Living* (1822), which in the 1814 edition had dispensed with the first two words of the title. The kind of humor endemic in this period is demonstrated by the full title of *The Apician Morsels* (1829, 1834) of Dick Hummelbergius Secundus (Hummelberg was a Renaissance editor of Apicius), i.e., *Apician Morsels . . . Containing a New and Approved Code of Eatrics: Illustrating the Veritable Science of the Mouth, Which Includes the Art of Never Breakfasting at Home and Always Dining Abroad*.

Despite its obvious debt to Brillat-Savarin, *The Art of Dining* (1853, 1874) of Abraham Hayward is conceded to be the best English writing of the period. Hayward had won some modest fame with his translation of *Faust* in 1833; two years later he published in the *Quarterly Review* his "Gastronomers and Gastronomy" and found himself a celebrity. He followed with an article in the same journal on Thomas Walker's *Aristology* and in 1851 combined the two articles as *The Art of Dining*. Walker had founded the appropriately named journal *The Original*, for which he wrote "Aris-

tology: or *The Art of Dining*," still pleasant for its insistence that food be served punctually, simply, and in an atmosphere free of annoyances. Walker's definition of the ideal meal was much quoted: "turtle, followed by no other fish but whitebait, which is to be followed by no other meat but grouse, which is to be succeeded by apple fritters and jelly." Hayward took obvious pleasure in pointing out that the seasons in which whitebait and grouse are at their best do not coincide. Carlyle called Hayward "the best of our second-rate men"; the *Art of Dining* may be the best of the second-rate books in the little literature of gastronomy.

The first epigraph for these notes on English cookery literature comes from George Saintsbury's preface to the first publication of Anne Blencowe's 1694 *Receipt Book* (1925). Saintsbury, professor of English at Edinburgh, is reported to have read everything in English and French literature and to have remembered everything he read. He expanded the Baconian precept that reading makes a full man to prescribe reading—and writing—about food and drink for the fuller man. His *Notes on a Cellar-Book* (1921, 1923; both copies signed), part memoir, part cookbook, is also a kind of laughing dissertation for the highest degree in oenology. For the ideal dinner Saintsbury prescribes the sonnet form: fourteen guests: male and female rhymed *abab*; the menu something simple like soup, fish (trout), fillets of beef, roast duckling, apricots, and sardines *Dieu sait comment* ("a prescription of my wife's named by me"), accompanied by sherry, champagne, and chartreuse over the coffee.

André Simon was honorary cellarer of the Saintsbury Club, which met to dine twice yearly on the birthdays of Shakespeare and Saintsbury. Bred to the wine trade, Simon did much in his authoritative writings, a half dozen of which the Bittings acquired, to assure the English that wine was not invented by the French nor meant to be consumed only by them. He was instrumental in forming the International Wine and Food Society, to which he gave the collection described in his *Bibliotheca Bacchica* (1927). Francis Meynell of the Nonesuch Press wrote the preface for the 1951 edition of Simon's *Art of Good Living* (1929). Meynell's *All My Lives* gives glimpses of the Saintsbury Club dinners, though he errs in ascribing to Simon Theodore Hook's classic observation that when one dines alone the bottle comes around so much more often.

The unfinished business on our agenda is the fate of George Augustus Sala's copy of the first edition of Hannah Glasse. Sala was honored by Thackeray and Dickens as the outstanding journalist of his time, although Matthew Arnold pointed out the touch of the second-rate about this man in *Friendship's Garland*. As Sala tells the Glasse story, he got married one day, walked back to work, and "on my way I bought for sixpence a copy of the first edition of Hannah Glasse, of which scarcely half-a-dozen copies are known to be in existence. So you see I secured two treasures in one afternoon." According to the correspondence in the *Daily Telegraph* (May 8, 1876), there were then actually only three known copies. In an act of raw vandalism Sala had this rarity disassembled so that he might elaborately interleaf it with his own notes. When the Sala copy came upon the market, Mrs. Pennell was able to secure it for only ten pounds. *Habent sua fata libelli*.

The banality of Sala's *Thorough Good Cook* (1895) should not be unexpected. When Sala visited America, he grew enthusiastic about Delmonico's, that is, the international cuisine he would have been served in London, Paris, or Berlin, while Thackeray remembered New Orleans cookery and Boston oysters big as babies from his American journey. Possibly in the ultimate history of the literature of gastronomy, Sala will be remembered largely for his association with a book far better than anything of his own. Auguste Kettner in Soho's Church Street was the first restaurateur to open his kitchen to all comers at a time when kitchens were probably even worse than George Orwell describes them in *Down and Out in Paris and London*. An anonymous letter to the *London Times* (the author was E.S. Dallas, one of the *Times's* principal reviewers) in 1869 publicized this phenomenon. Sala became Kettner's patron and when in 1877 *Kettner's Book of the Table* appeared anonymously, it was dedicated to Sala.

It has been established that the author of *Kettner's Book of the Table* was E. S. Dallas, by 1877 very much crushed by time and circumstance. His book's value transcends the revelations of contemporary kitchen and marketing practices, interesting though they are. The pen is that of a writer distinguished enough to have been a friend of the Rossettis and a member of the Garrick Club. Dallas's *Poetics* was reprinted in 1972; he himself thought



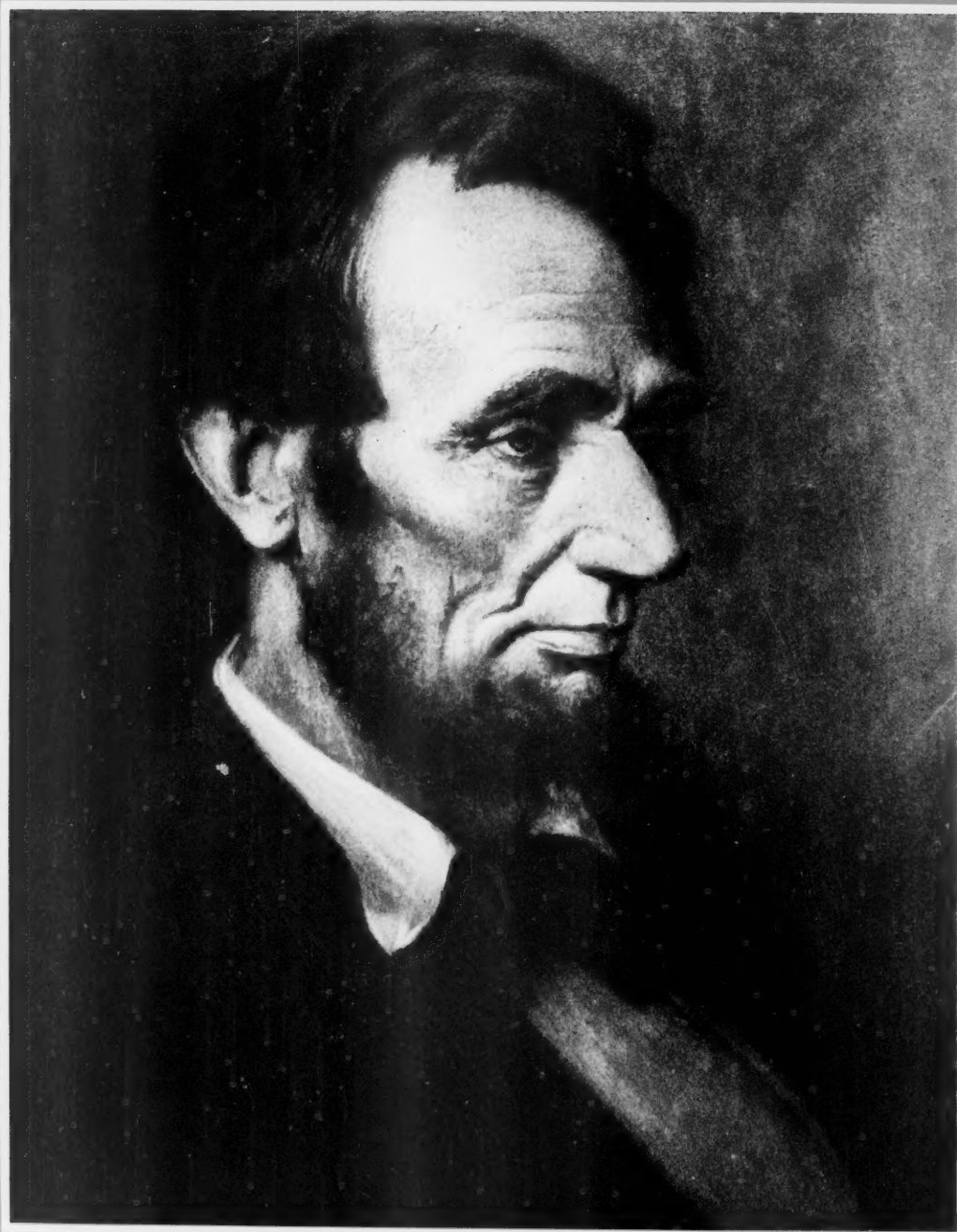
"Transmigration." Frontispiece from *Culina Famulatrix Medicinae*.

his chief work the *Gay Science*, a title he took from the troubadours' characterization of their art of poetry as "gai saber." Dallas's thesis here is that the science of criticism is the science of the laws of pleasure. He had read in Coleridge that the immediate effect of science is truth, but that of poetry, pleasure. Perhaps it is this approach, combined as it is with great erudition lightly worn, that makes *Kettner's Book of the Table* one of the classics of gastronomical literature.

To avoid capsizing under the weight of annotation, this section of these notes limits the description of individual titles to the year of the edition. For further bibliographic information the reader is referred to Lavonne B. Axford's *English Language Cookbooks, 1600-1973* (Detroit: Gale Research, 1976) and A. W. Oxford's *Notes from a Collector's Catalogue with a Bibliography of English Cookery Books* (London: Bumpus, 1909.) There are two works entitled *Old Cookery Books*, the older by W. Carew Hazlitt (London: Elliot Stock, 1902) and the other by Eric Quayle (New York: E.P. Dutton, 1978). Re-

cent facsimiles of the classic English cookbooks (e.g., Francatelli's, Glasse's, Acton's, Bradley's) give much incidental information; there is a biography of Soyer and three of Mrs. Beeton. These are the books that come immediately to mind. There are many others, indeed, too many others to list, although the journal *Petits propos culinaires* might be singled out.

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A. Lincoln

ALFRED WHITAL STERN

In Pursuit of the Lincoln Legend

BY JOHN SHERWOOD

Around the bibliographer's table there lies a passionless calm, unruffled by politics or sex-problems.

NORMAN DOUGLAS

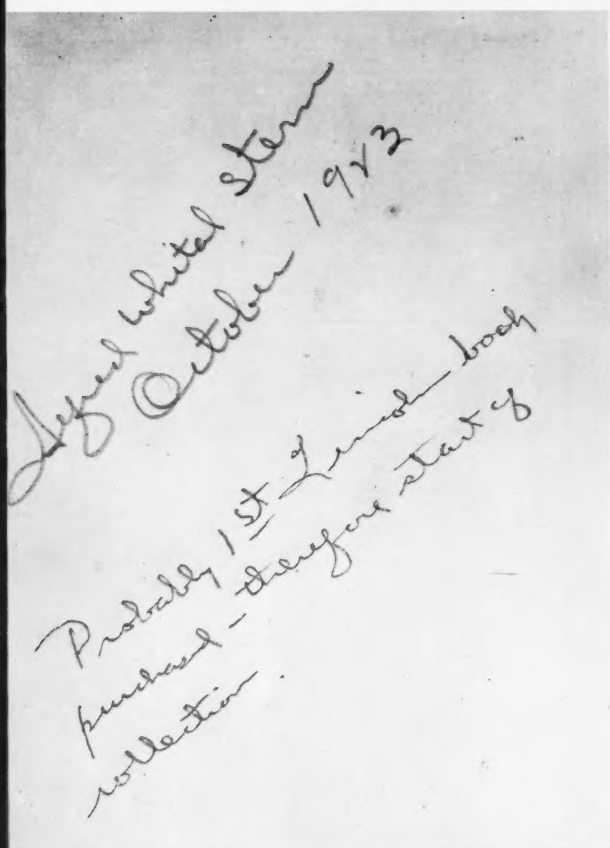
Such an outward "passionless calm" lingered over the splendid Lincoln library of Alfred Whital Stern, a millionaire investor who lived in a large apartment (to house his ever-growing library) in Chicago's plush Drake Towers. A conservative man with few intimate friends and formal, Old World ways, Stern built a unique collection of Lincolniana that gradually came to dominate his life and that figured in his afterlife as well. A passionless calm it might have been outside, but inside the man there was a stormy passion for Lincoln.

Stern realized that he would never achieve fame because of his talent for managing money, although without the proceeds from that talent he would not have been able to support his collecting passion. Yet he did achieve a degree of immortality by giving his massive library and other Lincolniana to the Library of Congress in 1951, after more than a quarter-century of



Alfred Whital Stern, about 1930. Courtesy of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Stern.

Photogravure frontispiece, from a painting by Douglas Volk. *Uncollected Letters of Abraham Lincoln*, edited by Gilbert A. Tracy (1917). Rare Book and Special Collections Division.



Holograph inscription from inside front cover of Alfred Whital Stern's copy of the *Uncollected Letters of Abraham Lincoln*. Rare Book and Special Collections Division.

collecting. He was not a Lincoln scholar, yet he was thoroughly versed in the Lincoln story and, through reading everything he could about Lincoln, his knowledge of the Civil War was profound and exact. But Stern was not a man of eloquent words, nor was he a writer or a sleuth in historical research. And perhaps because he was not an orator or a writer, he turned to that legendary word man, Abraham Lincoln.

Stern—a tall, large, distinguished man steeped in formality—"discovered" Lincoln quite by accident while vacationing with his family in Atlantic City, New Jersey, in the autumn of 1923. Some schoolbooks had been forgotten in

last-minute haste, and there was nothing proper for his eldest child, John A. Stern, then seven, to read. The boy was having problems with reading. Looking for an instructive book, Stern came across *The Uncollected Letters of Abraham Lincoln* edited by Gilbert A. Tracy, published in 1917.

That's what did it. "All I knew then about Lincoln was that he had been President of the United States. But those letters were my downfall," he once explained. "I decided that any man who expressed so much in so few words was worth knowing. So I began reading, and buying, books about Lincoln." The pursuit of the Lincoln legend, which lasted for thirty-five years until his death in 1961, "has been a fascinating field for me," he added. "From it I have learned much and benefited immensely. It has been the source of profit in many ways. His philosophy—his way of life—if followed closely cannot help but bring social and material success. Let me say here that I have always tried not in any way to ride on Lincoln's coat tails." But there was no way to avoid that ride after he began thinking, in the early 1940s, of the Library of Congress, and of eventually handing it all over to the American people.

Today, the fifty-two hundred items that constituted the collection in 1958 have grown to nearly ten thousand items that include virtually everything worthy known to have been written by and about Lincoln in the English language, special collections relating to the Lincoln era, broadsides, sheet music, Lincoln relics, prints, cartoons, contemporary newspapers, autograph letters, and a large body of collateral literature.

In a locked vault in the Rare Book and Special Collections Division of the Library is the vast Stern Collection, and among the thousands of books is the very one that started it all some fifty-eight years ago, Tracy's *Uncollected Letters*, a green bound volume of 253 pages on a bottom shelf with the following penciled notation on the flyleaf in Stern's hand:

Alfred Whital Stern
October, 1923
Probably 1st Lincoln book
purchased—therefore start
of collection.

No doubt Stern soon discovered Lincoln's collected letters, and he could not have failed to have been impressed most by the famed letter to

Maj. Gen. (Fighting) Joe Hooker. Commonly thought of as the best letter Lincoln ever wrote and, indeed, one of the classic letters in the English language, it could not have occurred to him even in his wildest imagination, that one day he would buy that letter for \$15,000—that same letter that today is on permanent exhibit in the Library and could probably bring \$100,000 or more at auction.

Having once been bitten by the collecting bug, and having set a goal for himself, Stern discovered there was no turning back. He was on the way to building the greatest Lincoln library ever formed by a single individual. "Where would history and biography be unless there were collectors?" asked Lincoln biographer Carl Sandburg in his book about the great Oliver R. Barrett accumulation, *Lincoln Collector*. Barrett's law practice supported his habit and, says Sandburg, "his Lincoln collection continued to be more than healthy recreation and fascinating byplay—it became an absorbing passion."

Stern and Barrett knew one another and were neighbors, but they were not close friends, and Stern was not an inner-circle member of the Chicago Barrett-Sandburg Lincoln clique. The last golden era of the great Lincoln collectors revolved around Ralph Newman's Abraham Lincoln Book Shop in Chicago in the 1950s. But most of this crowd is dead now, although Newman, who for years worked with Stern to help build his collection, still works in Chicago. Newman, who no longer holds forth regularly in his famous book shop but retains ownership in it, works in another building a block away and concentrates on appraisals and very rare books and manuscripts dealing with Americana.

Newman remembers Stern as "a rather shy man of very methodical habits. He looked like a patrician English gentleman. I had the standing authority to get whatever book he didn't have. We kept in constant touch, but our conversations were always about Lincolniana. He was a very personal man and didn't engage in much chitchat. He was a man of very delicate tastes in everything he did, whether it was in fine art, antique furniture, or his own clothing. There was nothing crass about him. He was a gentleman. Also, I never had a customer who paid his bills more promptly."

Stern's purpose was not so much in gaining insight into the Lincoln character through scholarly research as it was in "letting the whole



Major General Hooker. Photograph by Mathew Brady included in Stern's scrapbook "Material Relating to the Lincoln-Hooker Letter" (1941). Rare Book and Special Collections Division.

world know much more about Lincoln." A former chairman of the Illinois State Historical Library and a former president of the Civil War Round Table, Stern gave his Civil War collection to the Illinois library. He was also very generous in other bequests. He endowed his Lincolniana collection at the Library of Congress to provide for "worthy" (as he put it) new material. He preferred that people remember him for that.

A clothing manufacturing executive, he left the family business to become an independent investor, partly, perhaps, because of his growing obsession with Lincoln. When he had the Hooker letter in his home, he would often allow anyone in to look at it, but he never quite got over the feeling that these people had also come

to look upon "the crazy man who paid so much money to buy the letter."

As a vice president of his mother's family's Chicago firm of B. Kuppenheimer and Company one of the most prominent manufacturers of men's clothing in the country, Stern may have been looking for some diversion when he suddenly quit his job one day in 1926. By that time he was well on his way to being hooked on Lincoln anyway.

Stern came to Chicago with his parents at the age of four from his native New York, where he was raised in luxury with many servants. No one seems to know for sure what his father did, if anything, but there is no doubt that little Alfred was raised in opulent, cultured surroundings. His wealthy mother was looked after by her brothers, who may have induced her to move to Chicago. He was advised to skip college (he wanted to go back east to M.I.T.) and instead was started out in the business world as an office boy to famed Chicago merchandiser Marshall Field. He also played a little football and loved baseball. His education, his uncles reasoned, would be a practical one.

As an executive with the Kuppenheimer firm, Stern handled labor relations and became wise in the ways of handling money as well. By the mid-1920s he was a wealthy man, but now he had this Lincoln compulsion hanging over his head that seemed to be giving *real* purpose to his life. And then it happened, but to this day no one knows quite what *did* happen.

A family quarrel erupted among the business partners, says John A. Stern, now a consulting aeronautical engineer in California. "As children, we never knew what happened and *certainly* weren't expected to ask. It simply wasn't discussed. Father just retired at the age of forty-five to devote his life to 'historical research.' The family members involved in whatever it was that happened never talked to one another again. I don't know if it had anything to do with his collecting or not. I never asked him. He probably would have refused to discuss it." But it certainly gave him more time to devote to the Lincoln industry after giving up the clothing industry.

Although Mrs. Stern did not share her husband's intense interest in Lincoln, she had no argument with her husband's passion. She suffered his malady the way that Oliver Barrett's wife put up with his own brand of collecting

madness. Barrett, writes Sandburg, "had a system when bringing home an armload of books or manuscripts. He laid them gently and quietly outside the front basement window. Later at night he would go to the basement and, as casually as you please, bring his new acquisitions upstairs as if from his old basement stock."

Barrett's wife, in the meantime, longed for just one fur coat like the ones Stern's wife owned. Once the colorful old collector sent her out west, and while out there Mrs. Barrett found a fur to her liking and asked if she could buy it. To her astonishment, he said yes and dispatched a check. But before the purchase was completed, Barrett had stopped payment on the check. He had found some *Lincolniana* that he simply *had* to have.

Barrett, who claimed he could not live without catalogs, was a man who went through torment when he couldn't have what he *had* to have. He struck up a friendship with an old Dutch Chicago candy maker named Gunther who collected and bought "everything." Sandburg, in *Lincoln Collector*, clearly illustrates the woe of collectors in an exchange between Barrett and Gunther:

Barrett wanted an *Auld Lang Syne* manuscript in the handwriting of Robert Burns that Gunther had. "I know how you feel," said Gunther. "I went over to England and I got it and I had to pay a lot of money."

Barrett: "I want it now. You know how it *feels* to have it, and I *don't* know how it feels."

Gunther: "I will sell you this 'Auld Lang Syne' and you write out the receipt and put in the receipt that any time I want it, I can buy it back at the same price."

Barrett took it home. A week later Gunther was on the phone and saying: "Bring back the 'Auld Lang Syne.' You know, I haven't been able to sleep. I hear the waves of Lake Michigan pounding at night and I think about it. I walk down Michigan Avenue thinking about it, and now it is gone and I am not going to last many years. Let me have it back."

Barrett brought back the manuscript. Years passed. Then one day Barrett stood before Gunther and said, "I can't sleep, and I want that

OPPOSITE AND OVERLEAF:

Letter of Abraham Lincoln to Major General Hooker, January 26, 1863. The letter is on permanent display in the Rare Book and Special Collections Division.

Executive Mansion,

Washington, January 26, 1863.

Major General Hooker:

General.

I have placed you at the head of the Army of the Potomac. Of course I have done this upon what appear to me to be sufficient reasons. And yet I think it best for you to know that there are some things in regard to which, I am not quite satisfied with you. I believe you to be a brave and a skilful soldier, which, of course, I like. I also believe you do not mix politics with your profession, in which you are right. You have confidence in yourself, which is a valuable, if not an indispensable quality. You are ambitious, which, within reasonable bounds, does you rather than harm. But I think that during Gen. Burnside's command of the Army, you have taken counsel of your ambition, and thwarted him as much as you could, in which you did a great wrong to the Country, and to a most meritorious and honorable brother officer. I have heard, in such way as to believe it, of your recent:

by saying that both the Army and the Government
needed a Dictator. Of course it was not for this, but
in spite of it, that I have given you the command.
Only those generals who gain successes, can set up dicta-
tion. What I now ask of you is Military success, and
I will risk the dictatorship. The government will sup-
port you to the utmost of its ability, which is neither
more nor less than it has done and will do for all
commanders. I much fear that the spirit which you have
aroused to infuse into the Army, of criticising their Com-
manders, and withholding confidence from him, will
now turn upon you. I shall assist you as far as I can,
to put it down. Neither you, nor Napoleon, if he were
alive again, ^{could} ~~can~~ get any good out of an army, while
such a spirit prevails in it.

As a man, beware of rashness. Beware of rashness, but
with energy, and sleepless vigilance, go forward, and give
us victories.

Yours very truly
A. Lincoln

'Auld Lang Syne.'" Gunther smiled. They were brothers. Gunther said, "You just double the price and I will let you have it, and you can take it along." And in the passing of time Barrett would not have been surprised to hear Gunther say, "I want that 'Auld Lang Syne.' I can't sleep."

The unquestionable highlight of Stern's career was an event that left him numb with auction fever and propelled him overnight into the big international league of Lincoln collectors. That event took place at a Philadelphia auction house on a Monday evening, November 17, 1941. His purchase of the Hooker letter for \$15,000 (Stern had budgeted \$10,000) seemed at the time to be a startling sum to pay for a letter. The story was printed in newspapers across the nation.

"I felt as if I had lost my mind," Stern later told David C. Mearns, who at the time was chief of the Library's Manuscript Division. "I don't know what it was, but I just *had* to have that letter." Mearns knew the feeling exactly. "I collect collectors," he says. "I understood."

The wonderful, personal Hooker letter, written at the time Lincoln had named him head of the Army of the Potomac, is well known among Lincoln buffs and has been reprinted numerous times. The letter had come from the estate of Philadelphia Col. Louis L. Kolb, "lover of good things." Kolb had acquired it from Philadelphia antiquarian George J. C. Grasberger almost seventeen years before, and less than twenty-four hours after Grasberger had purchased it at the estate sale of George C. Thomas, a noted Philadelphia financier, for \$10,000. Thomas had originally paid \$1,000 for it.

After the Thomas auction, at which Kolb bid only \$3,500 for the letter, Kolb visited Grasberger the next day and told him he paid too much for it. While the two men were talking a third party came in to ask Grasberger if it was for sale. Kolb snatched it from Grasberger's hands before he had a chance to reply, saying "You're too late. I've just bought it." The price was \$11,000. Kolb later informed Grasberger that the late Otto Kahn had offered him \$40,000 for it. That's how it goes in the world of collectors.

Stern took enormous pride in owning the Lincoln masterpiece. An old friend, Chicago lawyer Elmer Gertz, wrote: "Mr. Stern has a tender regard for things touched by immortal hands. His bearing in the presence of such divine

treasures is that of the eager cupbearer in some sacred rite. He has enthusiasm and reverence; there is nothing of the narrowly possessive in his attitude; he wants to share the happiness that has been his in the temporary custody of great things. Friends and strangers have been permitted freely to look upon the Hooker letter and other rarities of his collection—janitors, elevator operators and domestics . . . have been among his guests. Four thousand people have written to him about the Hooker letter alone."

Gertz says, "Stern knew a good deal, and in collecting he learned even more. I would see him often at Newman's Shop, where a lot of Lincoln collectors would gather. He always came alone. He was a lonely sort of person, very cultured, but not as confident as others in that group. He was not a brilliant conversationalist, not very open and forthcoming. He just wasn't the sort of person who inspires overflowing recollections. But he loved Lincoln, and he was warm and gracious."

Newman had a twenty-five-year professional relationship with Stern, acting as his agent at auctions and finding material for his collection. It was Newman who bought Lincoln's personal scrapbook of his debates with Stephen A. Douglas at the Oliver Barrett auction in 1952 at the then-unheard-of price of \$24,000. Stern had told Newman not to go over \$10,000 but had added: "I want it. I want the debates. Get me a good bid." Newman told Stern, who was vacationing in Hawaii, that the price would be in excess of \$20,000. Newman then talked to Tom Stern, Alfred's son, who said, "Look, my father wants it. You get it."

Stern was furious with Newman for bidding \$24,000, saying that he was forced into buying the debates because Newman revealed who he was buying for and put him on the spot. Later, after the purchase, he was grateful to Newman. The manuscript of the only book that Lincoln wrote or edited for publication, the printer's copy of the Lincoln-Douglas debates was never returned to Lincoln. The scrapbook eventually wound up in the collection of candy maker Gunther, who sold it to Barrett. Thomas Stern, the younger son, was at the Lincoln-Douglas debates scrapbook auction and helped to calm down his father, who was furious at Newman for a time. "But then he finally relented," says Tom, a geologist who lives in Washington and who has a small Lincoln collection of his own.

"He was the type of person who saw things in black or white," adds John Stern. "When he made up his mind, that was that and nothing on earth could change it."

The Stern brothers remember growing up in the Georgian mansion that their father had remodeled in 1926 for \$100,000. Stern lived comfortably, smoked fine Havana cigars and imported Turkish cigarettes. But he never did anything to excess, except, perhaps, when indulging in his passion for Lincolniana.

The brothers never remember seeing their father dressed in anything but a three-piece suit or pajamas and a robe. He did not wear "sports" clothes. His taste in clothes called for nothing but the best, and he carried that impeccable taste into his Lincoln collecting. "We wouldn't dream of coming to dinner in anything but a coat and tie," John recalls. "And we never spoke unless spoken to. We listened to him. He often spoke of Lincoln, and he often repeated himself."

At the large house were two maids, a cook, and two gardeners. But he drove his own car, usually a Cadillac. "Dad always thought that maybe he should be driving a Lincoln," says son Tom. "He got a twelve-cylinder 1934 model and it was the worst car he ever had. Did we ever borrow the car to go on a date? Well, he wasn't exactly the kind of father you could run up to and say, 'Hey, Pop! How about giving me ten bucks and the keys to the car?'"

He expected young people to stand when he entered a room. But that's how he was raised. "We weren't exactly afraid of him," says son Tom, "but we certainly respected him. He just wasn't someone you could get very close to, but he was kind, generous, and understanding."

If there was any one piece of Lincolniana that he might have longed for, says John, it might have been the fifth, and last, copy of the Gettysburg Address in Lincoln's hand. Known as the Bliss copy, it was purchased by a Cuban businessman in 1940 and, upon his death, was turned over to the White House, where it now hangs in the Lincoln Room.

But it was the Hooker letter that seemed to be closest to his heart, and not long before his death he had the pleasure of seeing it placed on exhibit in a special case that he paid for, insisting that it be on permanent display. The Library of Congress published a 500-page catalog of the collection in 1960, just a year before Stern's death at the age of seventy-nine.

The Stern Collection was formally presented to the Library in 1953, and on at least one occasion Stern arrived in Washington with the Hooker letter in a special leather carrying case. But he couldn't quite part with it and took it back to Chicago with him. His reluctance was reminiscent of the Barrett-Gunther tug of war over the Robert Burns *Auld Lang Syne* signed manuscript.

Finally, it was Tom Stern who actually handed the letter over because his father had to return to Chicago. It was almost as if he just couldn't do it himself. "I remember we had to keep it in our home overnight. My wife and I were terrified and we searched our brains for a safe place to put it. Finally, we placed it on a shelf directly above the spot where our dog sleeps," says Tom. "I took it in to the Library the next day and I think we were all relieved."

It's all there now, secure and safe. You could even say that the Alfred Whital Stern Collection of Lincolniana now belongs to the ages.

JOHN SHERWOOD is a free-lance writer who lives in Alexandria, Virginia.

Recent Publications

from the Library of Congress

Creativity: Its Many Faces. 1980. 24 p. \$2.50. By Leonard C. Bruno, Science and Technology Division. Available from the Information Office, Library of Congress, Washington, D.C. 20540. A catalog for an exhibition at the Library of Congress from November 20, 1980, until February 28, 1981. An introductory essay discusses seven modes of creativity—theoretical, applied, inspired, imaginative, prescriptive, personal, and natural. The exhibit includes manuscripts by Albert Einstein and Alexander Graham Bell, a piano concerto by Mozart, a photograph of Isadora Duncan by Arnold Genthe, and other items selected from the Library's collections to represent these modes.

Letters of Delegates to Congress, 1774-1789. Volume 7, May 1-September 18, 1777. 1981. 749 p. (S/N 030-000-00107-9) Edited by Paul H. Smith with the assistance of Gerard W. Gawalt, Rosemary Fry Plakas, and Eugene R. Sheridan. Primary source documents chronicle the thoughts and activities of the delegates to the Continental Congress. Notes of congressional debates, official and personal correspondence, diary entries, and other manuscripts are brought together here for the use of students, scholars, and all others interested in the revolutionary era. Annotations, bibliographic references, illustrations, and an extensive subject index complete the volume.

Responsibilities of the American Book Community. 1980. 88 p. \$7.95. Edited by John Y. Cole, Center for the Book. Available from the Information Office, Library of Congress, Washington, D.C. 20540. Gathered together here are the papers from two seminars held at the Library of Congress on April 4-5, 1979, and April 25, 1980, selected statements of prominent authors and publishers before the 1980 U.S. Senate hearings on publishers, authors, and booksellers, and a report, "Can Books Survive the Book Business," based on the January 1980 PEN symposium. These papers and reports concern current trends in book publishing and seek to answer charges that through corporate takeovers the publishing business has become dominated by purely commercial interests to

the detriment of the free circulation of ideas. The authors speak to the question in various ways, by historical and personal accounts, by explanation, and by analysis. An informative and useful survey of current controversies in the book community.

The State of the Book World, 1980. 1980. 32 p. Center for the Book Viewpoint Series, No. 5. Free from the Center for the Book, Library of Congress, Washington, D.C. 20540. Three lectures delivered at the Library of Congress on April 14, 1980: "The Book Review" by Alfred Kazin, on the literary quality of current books; "Publishing Enters the Eighties" by Dan Lacy, on some of the implications of publishing companies being controlled by conglomerates; and "The Book and Education" by Ernest L. Boyer, on using books to teach and learn.

The Textbook in American Society. 1981. 68 p. \$5.95. Edited by John Y. Cole, Center for the Book, and Thomas G. Sticht, U.S. National Institute of Education. Available from the Information Office, Library of Congress, Washington, D.C. 20540. Major excerpts from seventeen papers delivered at the Library of Congress on May 2-3, 1979, by publishers, educators, and others on the production, selection, and use of textbooks. Shows the way many persons contribute to the production of the textbooks used in the nation's classrooms. Includes a foreword by Librarian of Congress Daniel J. Boorstin and remarks by Frances FitzGerald at a meeting sponsored by the Association of American Publishers.

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